The Bystander, November 22, 1916.—No. 677. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN WEDDING

Lieut. H.S.H. Prince George of Battenberg, R.N., and Countess Nadejda de Torby, daughter of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, were married on Wednesday of last week at the Chapel of the Russian Embassy and at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Both the King and Queen were present at the ceremony and at the "reception" at Ken Wood, the lovely Hampstead residence of the bride's father

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. LEICESTER SQUARE.
The Monster Revue
"RAZZLE-DAZZLE!"
Harry Tate, Edie Veno, Alice O'Brien, Phyllis Bedells, Frederick Ross, etc.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
G. P. HUNTLEY & CO. in "SELLING A PUP," FREDERICK KERR and CO., Mr. G. T. PATTMAN, the Renowned British Organist, MARK SHERIDAN, WILL EVANS, MARY LAW, FRASER GANGE, etc. 'Phone Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, LONDON.
Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30.
Albert de Courville's production,
"FLYING COLOURS!"
Little Tich, Gabrielle Ray, Dorothy Ward, Ray Cox, Bertram Wallis, John Humphries, Etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Phone—Gerrard 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, November 20, 1916.
R. G. Knowles, Evie Greene, Fred Emney, Daisy James, Poluski Bros., Oswald Williams, Margaret Golda Quartette, Francini, Else Olloms, Fred Duprez, Laddie Cliff, Five Bombays, Latest War Pictures.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. KINGSWAY.
Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY & CO. in "Elegant Edward," Miss VIOLA TREE, Cornalla & Eddie, The Manchester Mites, Veronica Brady, Allan Shaw, Julien Henry & Co., etc. 'Phone, Holborn 6840 (8 lines).

ADELPHI, STRAND (Ger. 2645) "HIGH JINKS."
The New Musical Comedy.
Every Evening, at 8. Matinée every Wed. and Sat. at 2.
MARIE BLANCHE — W. H. BERRY — NELLIE TAYLOR.

DALY'S. Tel. Ger. 201. "THE HAPPY DAY."
EVERY EVENING (EXCEPT MONDAYS), at 8.
MATINÉES. MONDAYS, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.
Jose Collins, Unity More, Rosina Filippi, Isobel Elsom, Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Thorpe Bates, Arthur Wontner.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER," are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, Canada, under 11lb. 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½a. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

P & O and British India
Mail and Passenger Services.
Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.
Tickets Interchangeable.
MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.
Australian Tickets of P & O and Orient Lines are also interchangeable

For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL

THE CHURCH ARMY'S
HUTS, TENTS, and CLUBS
provide rest, recreation, and refreshment for our sorely-tried and gallant men of the Army and Navy at home, in France, Flanders, Malta, Egypt, Salonica, Mesopotamia, British East Africa, and India.
MANY MORE ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.
Huts cost **£300**; Tents, **£150**;
Week's Working **£5** abroad, **£2** at home.
Cheques crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

(FOUNDED 1871)

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire) in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 21st day of November, 1916, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 29th day of November, 1916.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

"WAVES OF PESSIMISM"

Too Much News and Too Much Talk

I SOMETIMES wonder if the best way to stop the "Waves of Pessimism," which are becoming almost monthly features of our quiet home life, would not be to have periodical stoppages of all war news whatever. I do not mean that the news we get gives food for pessimism, quite the contrary, but we get so much of it that we lose all sense of proportion. I was talking a day or two since to a man just home from the Ancre with what he calls a comfortable "Blighty," and he declared that he felt more depressed after being home for a week than during the whole six months he had been on and about the Somme. He attributed it partly to reading the papers and partly to hearing what people have to say about them. Out there there was so much to do and so little for thinking about them that you had no time to gloom over them. He did not say, but I suspect, that another is that out there you see the causes, while here we have to wait for the effects.

Men Doing Their Job—

A gain of 1,000 yards may seem much or little to us according to the amount of our imagination, but it stands out to us as a thing apart and not part of a continuous series of happenings, all pointing to the same end. My wounded friend, for instance, was very much less excited over the latest successes at Beaumont and Beaucourt than was I. To me they seem wonderful enough; to him they were only part of the necessary job that has to be done, and will be done accordingly, all in good time. I found him, too, rather inclined to be annoyed about the fuss we make over our fighting men and their doings. His complaint seemed to be that in showering extravagant praise on them for doing their duty we were rather implying surprise that they should do their duty at all. Especially he was annoyed at some of the photographs that are published showing grinning faces, with legends to the effect that they are "glad to be in the trenches." Nobody, he declared, is glad to be in the trenches. They are there because it is the place where a certain job has got to be done, and they go there for the purpose, as a broker goes to the Stock Exchange because he has got to. It would be a truer compliment, he thought, to regard them a little more as men and a little less as heroes.

—and Minding Their Own Business

I am only quoting another man's opinions, but I am not at all sure they have not the cure for a good many "Waves of Pessimism" tucked away in them. If the men in the trenches went on as we do at home, insisting that everybody else's business shall be minded as we think best, insisting that everyone who does not see eye to eye with us is a traitor, and that everyone whose name is not Jones be hung at dawn, I suppose Beaumont-Hamel and Beaucourt would have remained in German hands as long as they cared to keep them. A war is, after all, only the carrying out of a contract, and as such it has got to be carried out on business lines.

"Business Men" Don't Cackle

I am not one of those who clamour after a Business Government, chiefly because I see that those who do are just the people who make exactly the fuss that a Business Government would most seek to avoid. A Government made up of business men, as we know them, would go to pieces in a month, and certainly get through very little business, unless you could be sure that they ran it as they do their own businesses, with their mouths shut. For, as we have seen who have followed the utterances of what are popularly known as "business men," they cackle more and with less enlightenment on everything to do with the war than all the other classes taken together. Naturally so, for they have little knowledge of the world outside the limits of their own interests—and those interests are generally diametrically opposed to those of other "business men."

But Take Hold of Their Job and Do It

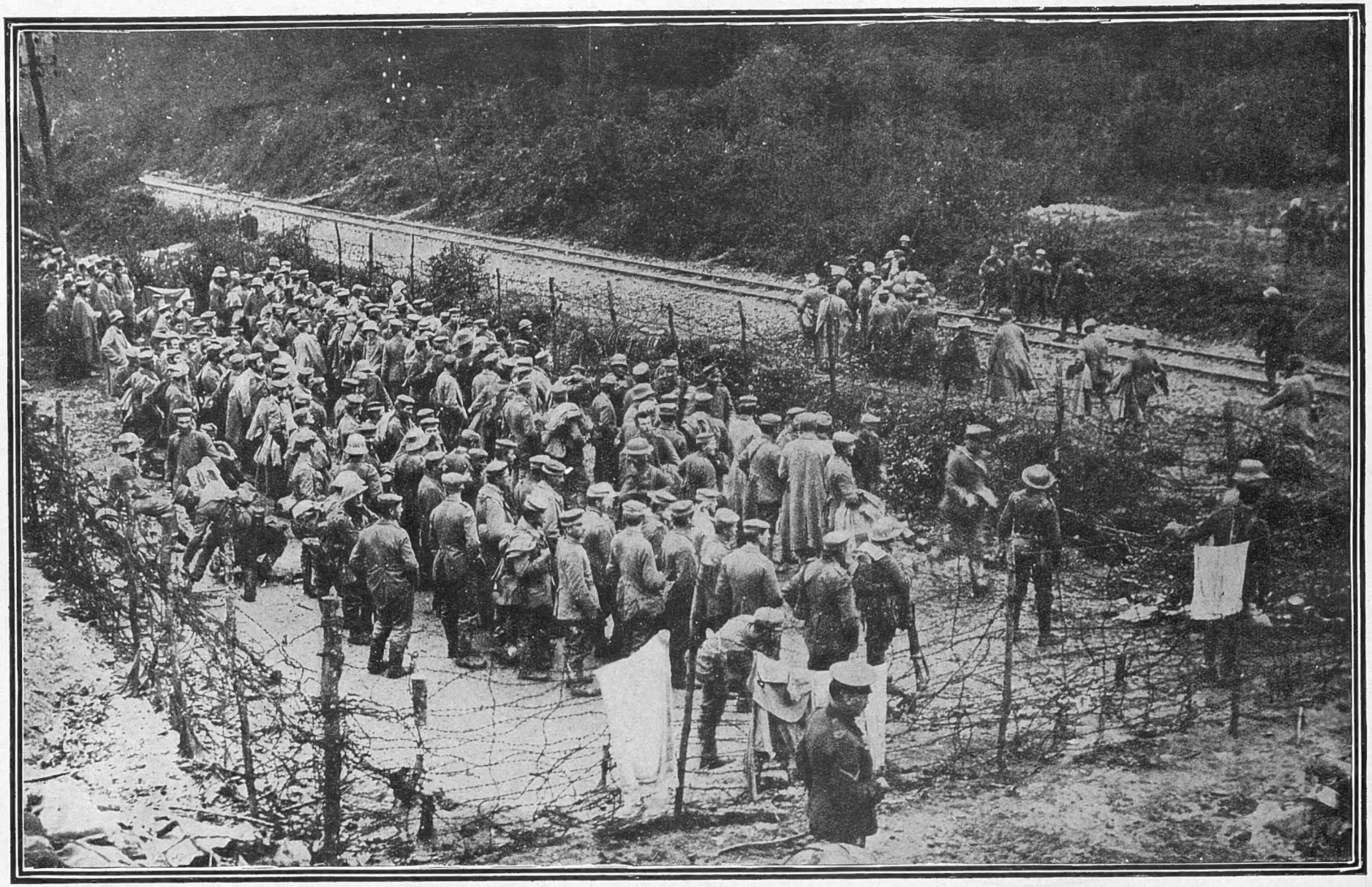
Suppose you handed over the settlement of the dear milk problem to a committee made up of succcessful farmers, successful wholesale milk dealers, and successful dairymen. They are the people who, in theory, should know most about it—but just think where the unhappy public would come in. A Government of brains, if you will—though the most successful Governments are those which best represent the people they govern—and as a nation brains are not our strong point. But why can we not take a lesson from the men who are governing that very big contract of ours over in France—men who just take hold of the job and keep their mouths shut and do it, and are surprised and rather annoyed when they find that we see anything wonderful in it? Some day we shall realise that the running of a great country in peace time is almost as important as the running of a great war. When we do perhaps we shall realise that it is no more difficult to get great legislators than great soldiers, less so if we only find out the right way to set about it.

Then—Why This Newspaper Frenzy?

Another puzzle for my Ancre friend are the newspapers and their attendant headlines and placards. He notices an attitude of frenzy that is not breathed "over there." Why, he asks, cannot a limit be put to the length of articles, the size and number of headlines; and let placards be abolished altogether? They are tolerated in no other country at war.

(*Continued on page 393*)

In the "Advance Cage"



Official photograph issued by Press Bureau

This official photograph shows a small portion of the 5,000 bag of German prisoners taken in the neighbourhood of Beaumont Hamel in last week's push in the fog

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

"The Hugheses of Adversity"

HUGHES OF AUSTRALIA

HUGHES OF CANADA

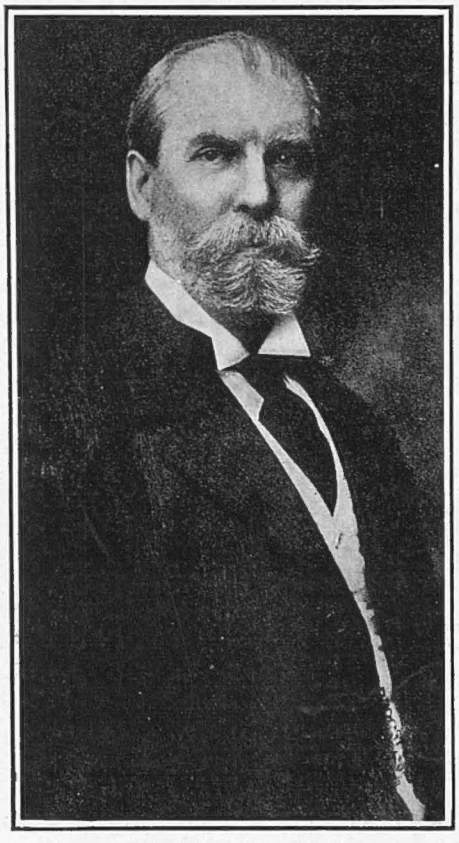
Three names that lately were names to conjure with, are suffering a temporary eclipse. Mr. Hughes, though he remains Australian Premier, has been beaten on the conscription vote, on which he staked his reputation; Sir Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Militia, has resigned for reasons presently to be made clear; and Judge Hughes is—not President of the U.S.A.

A "Bystander" M.C.

We are gratified to see among the list of winners of the Military Cross the name of a BYSTANDER sub-editor, who joined up on the declaration of war—Lieut. Gerald Saxe Wyndham, who, according to the official report, "fought his machine-guns with great gallantry. Later he took charge of a bombing squad, reorganised it, and proceeded to help in building and strengthening the barricade. He set a fine example to his men." Mr. Saxe Wyndham, who is in his early twenties, is the only son of Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham, the well-known and popular secretary of the Guildhall School of Music.

Three Strong Men—

A few weeks ago the name of Hughes seemed, at whichever corner of the world one looked, to be the Name of Names. To be a Hughes was to be a member of the ruling family of Christendom. A Hughes must, somehow, get there. There was the great Australian Hughes, who was out to carry conscription down under; there was the eloquent and masterful Sir Sam Hughes, of the Canadian Militia; and there was the strong, silent Judge Hughes, of the U.S.A., who was to sweep Wilson into the limbo and lead America to world-dictatorship.



HUGHES OF AMERICA

—And How They Failed

Within a short fortnight all the three Hugheses have suffered eclipse. The Australian's appeal for conscription ends in failure; Judge Hughes is defeated; while Sir Sam has resigned his post. I express no satisfaction at this triple eclipse, for the Hugheses, belonging, all of them, to self-governing States were no affair of a Britisher. All I think I have a right to say is that I did not specially welcome the way in which one of the three asserted the right to dictate policy to the British Cabinet. He struck me as a person of very average mental equipment and less than average knowledge of British and European conditions. His failure to carry conscription among his own people showed that the blatant bull-at-a-gate method doesn't always succeed in high politics.

Will Soldiers be Socialists?

BY "WILL O' THE WISPSHIRES"

I THINK they will. I think rather that I am one now. Before, I used to be a Liberal-Conservative or a Conservative-Liberal, according to whether I happened to be lunching at the National Liberal or the Constitutional. Now I'm perfectly sure I'm neither.

⁂ ⁂

I BECAME a Socialist—that is to say, I realised the brotherhood of man—early in my training, while out trenching. The fate of "fours" had put me next to a person of the type that, in civil life, I should have regarded as separated from mine by an impassable gulf. He wasn't a working man. No. He belonged to a particular class that it seemed that æons of time could never bring within the civilised pale. He was a person who thought all things that happened called for facetiousness in a Cockney accent. The party to which we belonged was told off to penetrate a wood, and thencefrom to collect six stout tree stumps apiece. From the wood we had to carry these, across our shoulders, up a steep open slope, in the teeth of a blinding gale of wind and rain. We were ordered to perform this march in file. Half way up the hill the same gust of wind blew me and my companion to the ground, with our tree stumps on top of us, or each other. When we recovered the power of speech we uttered simultaneously exactly the same words, in exactly the same order, and in exactly the same *accent*. From that day forth I regarded that man, facetiousness and all, as my brother. The gulf divided us no longer. Fate had blasted us together for aye. After that there were no class distinctions so far as I was concerned.

⁂ ⁂

I WONDER whether the gentlemen at Westminster quite realise the Socialism of soldiers in the nice calculations they are making as to the disposition of their various votes at this coming election they threaten us with? Certain of Tommy's professed friends seem to think that he will vote for the party, whichever it is, that succeeds in shouting loudest about combing-out, winding-up, rounding-up, gingering-up, and other processes of outing, exclusion, and elevation. It would be well if they understood that soldiers regard all politicians and agitators as of the same make and style, regardless of whether they go about shouting or stop at home sleeping. To soldiers they are *ces messieurs*, as the French say, when, with a shrug of the shoulder, they desire to convey the extreme measure of polite contempt.

⁂ ⁂

"THESE gentlemen" means the persons who, during the absence of young men, are carrying on the game of bluff and barter, intrigue and collusion, in and around Westminster. For two or three days a week they sit in Session (between months of adjournment), are paid as the price of their insincere speech and their still more insincere silence, eight pounds a week—a sum which, multiplied by the number of members of the House, amounts to no less than £5,360 a week, (£278,000 odd a year). That sum would, if divided between their families at home, save 5,360 married soldiers from the spectre of want. The gentlemen who have been content to draw this handsome emolument, in the full knowledge that they are doing no public service whatever for the same, propose in due course to ask the soldiers to vote them the renewal of those salaries! I don't think. Tommy may, or he may not, affix his cross to the name of one or other of the Tadpoles and Tapers that stand for his division, or he may ignore the card altogether. Whichever he does, it will be with the reservation that at the *next* election, when he's home again, he will sweep clean the whole lot, and put in their places the men he knows, for what he knows by experience of them in the field that they are worth—officers, N.C.O.'s, privates, as the case may be. Tommy will vote for *men* when the time comes to give his vote. W. O. W.

The Christmas "Bystander"

Will be Ready at the End of the Month.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES:—

"DICKENS IN THE GREAT WAR."

A Satiric Fantasy, by Vivian Carter.

TEN PAGES BY BAIRNSFATHER

Special Series of Christmas Fragments.

Double Page in Colours—"Till the Boys Come Home."

"Billy's German Prisoner," Humorous Short Story, by B. Macdonald Hastings.

A Bevy of Laughable and Seasonable Pages by the Best Known Artists.

ONE SHILLING. OVER 100 PAGES.

Their Little Grey "Home"

THAT IS A LONG, LONG WAY FROM THE WEST

ON THE WESTPHALIAN PLAIN IS THE GOUTERSLOP PRISONERS OF WAR CAMP

Where French and English prisoners, principally, are interned. Their lot seems better than at some German camps we have heard of, for they are able to get, we hear, besides plenty of exercise, an occasional theatrical entertainment

ONE OF THE BLOCKS OF THE GOUTERSLOP WAR-PRISONERS CAMP

A building which, if not of striking architectural beauty, looks, nevertheless, as if it might be fairly warm and comfortable. Note in both pictures the very high barbed-wire fencing of the parade-ground

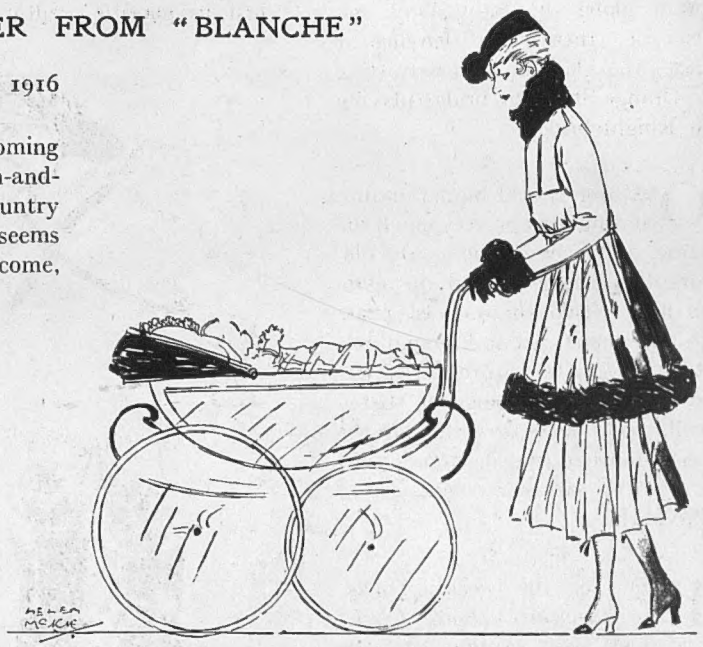
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *November* 20, 1916

MY DEAR COUSIN—

THEY say real conscription's really coming soon—the marshalling of all the man-and-woman-power still at large in the country I mean. But I shan't believe it until I see it—seems so much too sensible, doesn't it? When it does come, though, it won't be a minute before it's needed; in fact, before it's urgent. Precipitate action can't be said to be our rulers' besetting sin, or taking thought for to-morrow one of their virtues.



"Pushing a pram along the Baby Walk may be good exercise"

BUT, lor'! *won't* there be some fluttering in the dovecotes if it really ever does come to pass—on the female side, anyway. What cohorts clamouring for exemption, what collecting of doctors' certificates for delicacy! And what weighty problems to be decided by the tribunals! As, for example: Is bridge played every day from four to seven an industry necessary to the nation in war-time? Also "shopping"? And could the Army fight if choruses didn't kick? It'll be amusing if a little—well, unedifying.

APROPOS, since they went and raided Ciro's and places, time's evidently dragged a bit in certain cheerful circles. I've just been reading somewhere that adopting babies is the very last "society" craze. Childless young widows are doing it, and also some girls.

"It's 'it' to use 'language'"

WELL, as someone's said, there can't be too many babies, especially in war-time. "So much of the spring has been taken out of the year; so great, therefore, is the burden laid on all that are left—the young who have been too young for the war, and the old who have been too old." But greater than any, I think, don't you, is the responsibility resting with the women—we who have stayed here at home in the peace and quiet and security while our men face ten-to-one chances of ever seeing home again?

IT'S a perfectly splendid idea if it really could be that in future no forsaken little soul shall lack a home or know an "institution." And our splendid men really will have gone through the gates in vain if we go on letting them live in misery—the poor unwanted babies.

ALL the same, if it's going to be a "Society" craze, this adopting of unwanted future citizens, let's hope the supply is strictly limited. For they're evanescence itself—the fads and fancies and the pursuits and passions of the crowd we call "Society." With pleasure its chief pre-occupation and no desire left unfulfilled, satiety's the bogey round every corner, for with all that money can buy always at command there's nothing left to wish for, to live for, or to enjoy.

AND if we really are coming, as they say, to the days of almost complete servantlessness—well, now, *can* you imagine our very best charity-matinée-

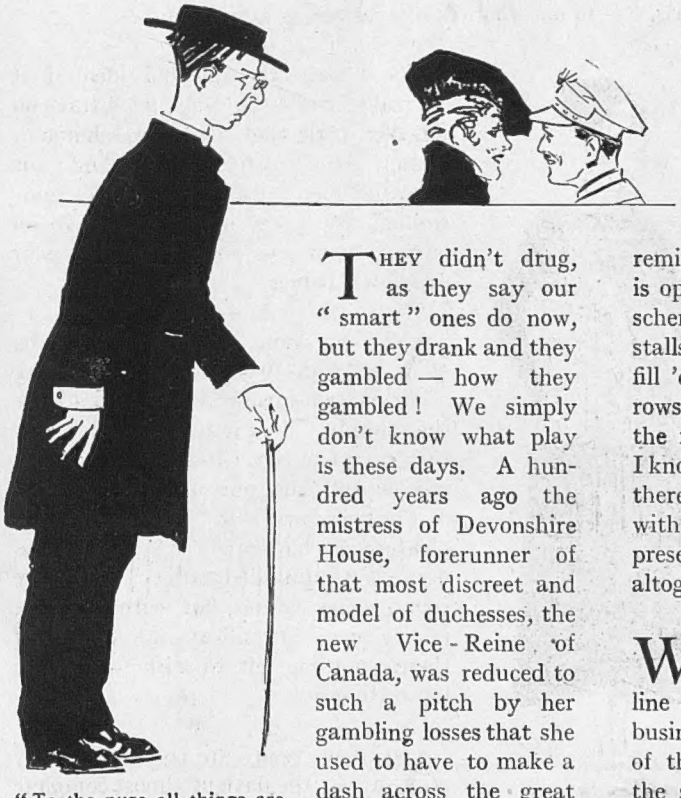
programme-sellers, for example, devoting all their days *and* nights to the rearing of their foster-babes? A monotonous business at best, so they tell me, no matter how consoling your consciousness of duty done and patriotism achieved. For though pushing a pram along the Baby Walk may be just as good exercise, there's no denying it lacks the glamour of fox-trotting in Orange Street or bridge-playing in Knightsbridge.

⁂ ⁂

One forgets that human nature continues to be very much the same, and even fashion only old, forgotten things dished up again as new. Take the way we speak. In the Smart Set in England now it's the very last word, its "it" to use the sort of language that—well, that's never, *never* used in the best suburban drawing-rooms; but it's not a bit new, not even in Mayfair.

⁂ ⁂

In one of the week's books, *The Devonshire House Circle*, I've just been reading how the great ladies of the Georgian age swore like fishwives, using the *argot* of Seven Dials and Billingsgate. A certain Lady Spencer positively shocked her young relations with the wealth of her vituperative adjectives, and for the language of one Lady Northumberland one must search the files for the correspondence of Horace Walpole—the Censor wouldn't pass it in modern print.



"To the pure all things are impure"

They didn't drug, as they say our "smart" ones do now, but they drank and they gambled — how they gambled! We simply don't know what play is these days. A hundred years ago the mistress of Devonshire House, forerunner of that most discreet and model of duchesses, the new Vice-Reine of Canada, was reduced to such a pitch by her gambling losses that she used to have to make a dash across the great hall of the house that's now the V.A.D. Headquarters to her carriage for fear of being seized under her own doorway by the bailiffs.

⁂ ⁂

And as for morals. . . . The Bishop of London says London's wickeder to-day than it was a century back—he really ought to read up his social history of the eighteenth century. In the Devonshire House of those days, to which only the very best had the *entrée*, the Duke's wife and mistress lived in perfect amity. The latter, indeed, seems to have got the best of it, for she brought up her family in the ducal nurseries, preached morality to her friends and relations, and eventually graduated as Duchess No. 2.

"A Major-General" and a private stuck in the mud"

⁂ ⁂

But, as they say in *Vanity Fair*, to the pure all things are impure—especially in revue. Which reminds me, a new revue house of the most unwarlike is opening its doors this week—a peacock-blue colour scheme of the most temperamental and becoming, stalls one guinea apiece (and their owner says he could fill 'em twice over), "stars" of terrific magnitude in rows, and salaries. . . .! There doesn't seem much the matter with old England. And last week—yes, I know there's a war, but this isn't half that happened—there was a great semi-Royal Anglo-Russian wedding, with a marvellous *trousseau*, pearls beyond price as presents, gala uniforms covered with gold lace, and altogether *very* few signs of war in any way whatever.

⁂ ⁂

We are well-named imperturbable, aren't we? In France (which now asks us to extend our line of battle-fighting) how impossible such a joyous business in the midst of such a very awful war, how out of the picture all the luxury and light-heartedness, the streams of cars *de luxe* that carried the guests from St. James's Palace to Hampstead, its fancy

(*Continued on page 398*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 397*)

dresses and furs and jewels and flowers. In the capital of our nearest Ally they've even forbidden evening dress in the theatres for the duration. But *we* haven't got the enemy actually on our soil, and that, of course, makes a lot of difference.

⁂ ⁂

Even our "war" entertainments, tea-ing the woundeds and that sort of thing, are lots more frivolous and fluffy than anything the Allies seem to be able to manage. A music-hall comedian of proved comic quality is a necessary part of even the simplest tea for Tommies; while if you can't get a revue lady you must rake in at least a few ducal ones to foxtrot and saunter with the honoured guests that grace your officers' bun-fight.

⁂ ⁂

Not suggesting for a minute, of course, that the very best isn't the very least every single one of our men deserve—they'll come soon enough, poor dears, to the days when the tumult and the shouting die and we begin to forget. Meanwhile, though, it's certainly not the worst of fates to have a nice "cushy one" here in England now.

If it's only to be far away from that unspeakable mud of France and Flanders. "The roads are so awful and the traffic so congested that a car's no use at all, and your own flat feet are what you must really rely on," writes an A.A. man, "for the mud's always up to your knees; but the great thing is the cheeriness of everybody and the friendliness. After all, a Major-General and a private stuck side by side in gluey mud can hardly stand on their dignity with each other, can they?"

⁂ ⁂

The latest *canard*, circulated, they say, by certain Americans, is that Japan is reserving her munitions for herself. So this letter from the land of the chrysanthemum (my first) was rather interesting. "The Bystander is opened first of the home-papers," my correspondent says, "for the sake of reading a letter from a woman who 'belongs,'" and she has pined, like many others, to be in England now that war is here, "only it's a long way to go, and at the foreign school where I teach the parents say it's just as important to spank the rising generation straight up as it is to go home and make bandages."

⁂ ⁂

Of the Japs she lives among, she tries, she says, to persuade them that they are not the only people in the world—but fails hopelessly. "They seem to think they are going to regenerate a wicked world, and don't at all like it when I say: 'Physician, heal thyself!' But I love them as much as I hate them, which is saying a good deal. This country is full of marvels deeper than thought."

⁂ ⁂

A little sketch that gives us thought, don't you think so, for the future? I hope in their regenerating schemes they don't include any battle-fighting. With love, yours ever,

Blanche

MORE TROUBLE BREWING

HENPECKED TOMMY: "There was only one pass, and Bill Smith and me tossed up for it"
WIFE: "And you won?"
H. T.: "No!—I lost!"

Life's Little Worries

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE RETURN TO THE FRONT—AND REST AT LAST

"Somewhere in Flanders"

WAR'S PIN-PRICKS

My Dear Bystander—

I have a friend called Jules, who is a corporal in the ——ième Territorials. I am sorry to say Jules has been having some trouble with his *marraine*, and this is very distressing for me, as I feel I am indirectly responsible.

As is well-known, every good *poilu* sighs for a *marraine*; it is only right and proper that he should. Jules used to have a very nice one once until the husband got jealous and nipped a flourishing romance in the bud by answering Jules's letters himself. Of course, as Jules says, at this late stage of the war practically all the best *marraines* in France are booked up, and nowadays to find a "godmother" you must display some originality in your passionate appeal through the Press, as, for example, the following efforts selected at random from a popular weekly:

"*Allo! Allo! Urgent! Quatre sous officiers telephonistes ayant toujours fil coupé par obus demandent jeunes et jolies marraines pour rétablir communication.*"

Or—

"*Petite marraine aux grands yeux tendres Artiste lyrique je préférérais S'il en reste une qui puisse entendre De tout mon cœur je répondrai écrire, etc.*"

This is the kind of stuff that bears good fruit.

Jules's effort ran like this:

"*Attaqué par le spleen, ne pouvant plus résister. Au secours! Au secours! Marraines charmantes et affectueuses!*"

It is true that Jules didn't get the sort of "godmother" he had in view, who, I understand, was to combine all the physical charms of the young ladies as set out in the pages of *La Vie Parisienne* with a tenderness and *douceur* of character beyond all human compare; but, then, he got one all right—neither young nor beautiful—she kept a boot shop in Toulon and had five children—but so kind and thoughtful and generous and never so happy as when sending her *filleul* a packet of cigarettes or a parcel of biscuits. Jules was a very grateful *filleul*, and every two or three days he would sit down and write his *marraine* a five-page letter, accompanying his missives by little offerings in return, such as aluminium rings, a worn-out gas-helmet, the shirt taken off a dead German, and other intriguing relics of the great world war. In fact, Jules overdid the letter-writing from the start. He struggled on gamely for a time, but gradually—for such is the inherent ingratitude in man—very gradually, he got accustomed to getting little packets and things, and took to writing only once a month.

At first he employed all the regulation explanations, and then, as these became threadbare, he was finally driven to falling ill.

So he wrote and apologised for not having written for six weeks, which remissness was due to a most distressing attack of bronchitis, caught as a result of hanging about in a perspiration after digging graves for dead Germans.

And thus it was that his *marraine* sent him a nice big bottle of codliver oil, which would fortify his body and quickly make him well and strong again to bury more Germans. It cost six francs; the ticket was still on the bottle.

I came upon Jules as he was unpacking the parcel.

"—— *Dieu!* Look at this!" he groaned, holding up the bottle in disgust. "Six good francs wasted on a lot of rotten medicine which would probably send a sick man to his grave within twenty-four hours. Now if she had sent me the six francs. . . . *Quoi faire avec?*" he demanded of me.

Now it happened there is a gendarme I know named Decool, who has a daughter named Suzette, who is as good as she is beautiful. We have been exchanging conversation lessons for a month now, and I am making progress with the language such as Mr. Berlitz never dreamed of.

It so happened that Suzette at the time was ill in bed with *grippe*. So I said to Jules: "*Envoyez la bouteille à Decool. Vous savez bien que sa fille est souffrante. Ça peut-être qu'un peu d'huile de foie de morue lui fera du bien.*"

"*Bon,*" said Jules, "if it makes her more ill still don't blame me!"

It was nearly a month before I saw Jules again. "*Comment ça va, mon vieux?*" I asked, "*Ça gaz?*" But there came no answering greeting from Jules. Some secret sorrow seemed to crush him to the ground. He turned on me suddenly. "You remember that bottle I had?" he asked crisply. "You mean that refreshing codliver oil your *marraine* sent you?"

"Zut! Codliver oil be ——!" screamed Jules. "Do you know what was in that bottle? Why, rum, *mon copain*, old Jamaica rum!"

"Rum?" I echoed, faintly.

"Yes, rum!" he moaned, "old Jamaica rum, and when I think of that —— *espèce d'un gendarme* drinking my rum. . . . He broke off suddenly, and stood with heaving shoulders.

"*Sacré nom d'un chameau*, and that's not all," he went on in a voice that quivered with self-pity. "You know it is rigorously forbidden to send alcohol to the front, so my *marraine* stuck a medicine label on the bottle, and would you believe it, but that —— —— *gendarme*, just because he thinks I stole two of his chickens when I was only looking after them for him, drank half the rum himself and then went to the Colonel and reported that he had intercepted half a bottle of rum that had been sent to me from Toulon, and the Colonel gave me 15 *jours de prison!*" . . . —— !! —— !!

Poor Jules! He is just another indirect victim of the Kaiser's lust for world-power.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

This Week's Fragment

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Types They Have in the Navy

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 9.—"SUBMARINES"

Probably more is heard and less seen of the submarines than of any other branch of the Service. The interior of the older classes of boats is rather like a section of a tube railway, tapering to both ends, brightly lit, and hung round with a highly-polished assortment of ironmongery. Here the officers carry on the business of living at sea; and in harbour they have all the benefit the parent ship can give them—a luxury not undeserved

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The World War through a Woman's Eyes

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

MISS ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

SOME PLAIN TRUTHS ABOUT POLAND

And so, after 150 years of subjugation, Poland is again to have a King! And that king is to be one of the Kaiser's sons! And, of course, the Kingdom of Poland must have an army. How useful in view of the depleted man force of the Central Powers! I wonder if the new soldiers that the enemy will gather up in Poland will be treated as those rebellious Poles were, who, having been forced to fight on the Western front against the French, came into French prison camps, so many of them wounded, and with such cunning white squares on chest and back? They, poor fellows, could not thus escape from the German Army alive; and the white squares made them good targets for the Frenchmen's fire.

And, of course, Germany is quite disinterested, and intends to establish a complete kingdom, instal new manufactories, grow new trees, to replace those from the magnificent Polish forests already hewn down, and compensate those estates, pillaged to complete ruin. Germans, with all their frugal capacities, will surely recognise that Poland must be economically self-supporting. Strange, therefore, that the Poles who are everywhere in Russia, driven from their homes, feel desperate at the ruin they know is awaiting them in the once proud and imperious Poland.

But why did Germany behave as she did in Poland? Why was the Polish Cathedral at Warsaw turned into a Protestant one? Why was the Czenstochowa Madonna—"The Heart of the Heart of Poland," the most precious relic of those fugitive people—taken to Berlin and added to the Kaiser's treasures? A vulgar portrait of himself was placed in the niche. In Russia we heard that the peasant Poles especially were so incensed by this vandalism that they regarded the Kaiser as the devil himself. So his handsome countenance was removed, and a replica of the purloined Madonna was placed in the shrine. But the precious-stoned original is—as believed by all Poles in Russia—in Berlin. Germans do not expect to hold Poland. They would never have ruined the country economically had they intended to remain in it.

But there is the question of the Poles themselves. Sympathy for them has always been very keen among the English people. Yet one has only to visit Russia during war-time to realise that the Poles are not making the best of their opportunities. Not that they haven't their big relief organisations and committees everywhere; and some of their institutions are excellent. Near Moscow, for instance, they have a complete town of refugees, and exceedingly well run it is. But the Poles are so afraid to say a good word for Russia. The time and opportunities just now seem unique for them; but they do not grasp them. Now that Russia is finding out that she has been managed by Germany for so long, she is looking in every direction for men of ability to take the place of the Germans.

(Continued on page 404)

This official photograph shows Sir Douglas Haig with his Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General. With them, in civilian attire, is Mr. Ben Tillett, who has lately been on a visit to the Front

THE WORLD WAR THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES (*concluded from page 403*)

The Poles are the most intelligent Slav people—so they tell us—and the best educated. Why don't they now prove it? But no! First we must all realise that they are a very superior people to the Russians. They are Poles—that is sufficient. But get fifty Poles together and you'll have fifty different opinions.

*

One goes to Russia fired with a righteous feeling that one is helping the Poles; but each day in Russia one realises more and more that the Russians themselves are sad at the mismanagement in their own country, and that their troubles with Poles, Finns, and Jews distress them greatly. And after they have put this war aside they will turn their thoughts to internal renovations. Then their difficulties will be many. And I don't see how anyone can help Russia except with recommendations. Poles attack one at once; Russians never do so. And gradually a metamorphosis takes place in one's mind, and one's sympathies are all with Russia. So then one still desires to help solve a problem which seems so easy on the surface. There, however, one's troubles only begin. Poles appear from everywhere, like the fairies in their own charming legends. Their manners are beautiful. One is easily won, and they all finish with, mysteriously, "But you don't know."

*

However, having been told that I "don't know" for about six months I asked: "What do I not know?" but no one could answer my query. Poles would ask: "What is England going to do for us? France deserted us in 1863." As I got so tired of their questions, I said: "England will probably only be one of an arbitration of Powers that will advise Russia as to her future course with Poland. England would accept no interference from any of her Allies regarding the Irish question. Therefore Russia would be quite right in resenting any interference in the Polish problem. That is Russia's own affair." From that time on I was no longer popular among Poles. Russians are such a lovable people and so kind. Their indolence and "Nichevo" attitude drives Western Europeans to desperation; but they are great thinkers. They have thought through 300 years of the Tartar invasion, and so their thoughts have reached a perfection which ours have not yet attained. But fatalism plays such a large part in their beliefs and "so nothing really matters, does it?"

*

In all the big Russian cities, but especially in Kieff and Odessa, one sees hundreds of men wearing queer-looking coats, some, apparently, quite new, but made in a style of long ago. When one sees them one knows that the wearers are Poles, and want you to know it. These coats are lined with bristly white wool, and quite close-fitting to the waist, then break out into quite a full-skirted effect. At first I wondered why only Poles wore them, but after a few weeks I knew that no one would want to wear that ridiculous style in the street, if he didn't wish to be identified as to his nationality.

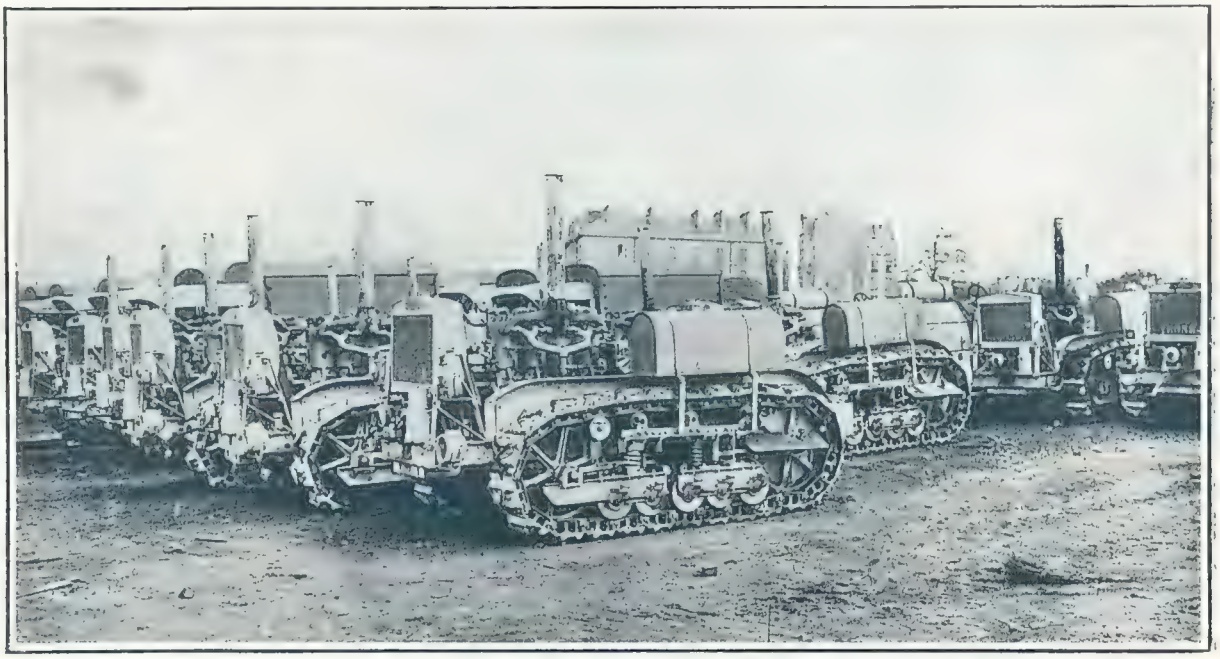
*

These mistaken ideas of those Poles now in Russia—who so strenuously try to elicit sympathy, and who go the wrong way about it, thus losing what they had—are not evinced by the Poles of London and Paris. Probably those Poles out of Russia see the situation in better perspective. I heard some excellent speeches made by Poles in Paris. Count Carol Potocki was most reasonable in his remarks, saying that now a new era seemed to be dawning for Poland he pleaded for tolerance and forbearance on their own part. They had, he said, at present only the acorn, and could not at once expect an oak tree. Only moderation could give them fruit for their efforts.

*

And so, when this war is won by the *Entente*, the Poles are sure to have special consideration from Russia, and it would be best for all in the end if they strove earnestly towards a Russian-Polish *rapprochement*. This ridiculous Prussian-Polish kingdom will vanish, and a Russian autonomous State will be established. And if the Poles know what is good for them they will become very Russian, thereby gaining Russian confidence and much of the ruling power of the future new Greater Russia.

Rosamond Boultbee



OH NO! THEY'RE NOT THE TANKS!

They are some of the wonderful motor tractors used by the Allies, which carry their loads over any obstacle, road or no road

Scaremongers

Wherever you go, and whatever you do,
You meet with this perishy, panicky crew;
Who tell you that everything's going all wrong,
And that Germany's certain to win before long!
Oh! why not intern these impossible cranks,
Or send them to Flanders to clean out the Tanks!

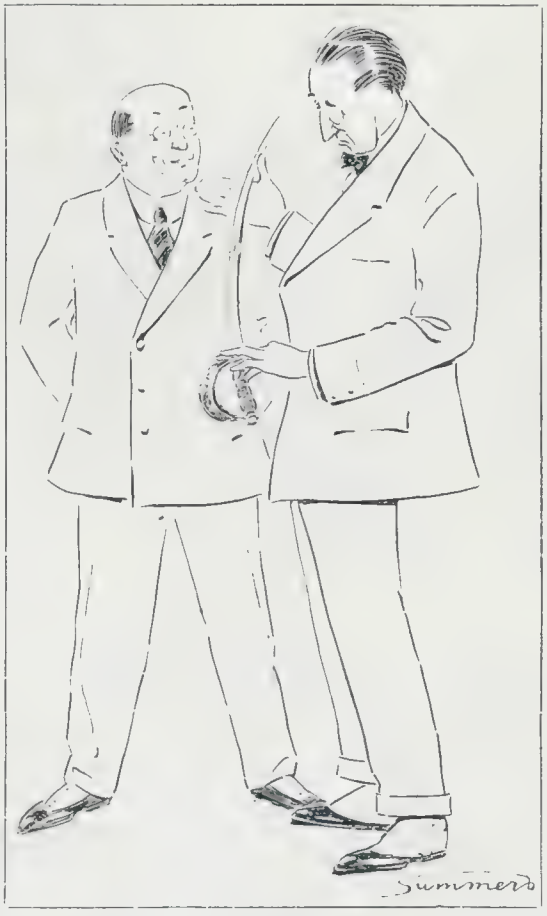
Une Belle Alliance

Par BLAMPIED

Witness in friendship, side by side,
Beauty and Bravery, allied.
Success for them must sure be sealed
Or in the Court, or in the Field.

The Bystander in Paris

COLLECTING WAR CURIOS



"Some real genuine German rusted on the blade"

I HAVE always envied French Academicians—I don't mean painters and sculptors, although some of them are sometimes, but members of one of the French Academies which form the Institute of France—the Forty Immortals, as they are called in Fleet Street, because nobody in Fleet Street remembers their names; nobody in Fleet Street could, with the list of their names in front of him, tell you offhand for what each one of the Forty is famous, and there are very rarely forty of them, anyhow. But I have always envied these old gentlemen because they live in the past. The other afternoon (evenings are bad for the aged in winter)—the other afternoon the French Academy held its first reception since the war began. It was in honour of various learned visitors from Spain, and the Immortals, feeling, no doubt, that a nice topical war subject should be introduced, served up an oration by a tame admiral (quite a tame admiral) on a topic of burning actuality —Jutland? *Jamais de la vie!* The admiral spoke—*je vous le donne en mille*—for one hour and three-quarters about *the Dogger Bank!* So I always envy the members of the French Academy who can live so cosily and cushily in the past, with such a stormy present as we others live in.

I HAVE been wondering what is the precise degree of relationship between a French Academician and a collector. Because the other day I bumped into a man in great excitement and the Paris tube. He asked me how I was, and rubbed his hands and beamed at me and said what a fine day it was, and wasn't the *communiqué* splendid, all in a breath and without waiting for my answer, and I naturally asked him whether his father-in-law (whom he doesn't like) was a prisoner in Germany, or, if not, what made him so happy. He said that he had just added a perfectly gorgeous item to his collection. I forget exactly what it was just now, but it was either the ferrule which flew off the stick General Marchand was waving just before he got wounded, or a rusty nail which had been pulled out of the left rear tyre of Papa Joffre's motor-car while he was on his way from G.H.Q. to the firing line; or it may have been—— but there, just exactly what it was doesn't matter at all. I rather fancy, now, he said it was a sword! The interesting fact was that he had it, and that he was going to have a special velvet pad made for it and label it and get other madmen to gloat over it with him.

I AM not a collector myself. I used to collect silkworms, birds' eggs, and postage stamps when I was a small boy, but the worms and the postage stamps mixed, and didn't agree with each others' little insides and outsides, and I always used to forget to blow the eggs—and did so metaphorically when my mother had punished me. I have never collected autographs even. I have had a good many interesting ones in my day, but I have seen so many idiotic letters from collectors of autographs asking for them, and I have heard so many nasty things said about autograph collectors by the people from whom they are collected that I have never felt tempted to begin. An old friend gave me a letter from Dickens once, and I've got that, and I have an autograph letter from the Editor of *London Opinion*, expressing a strong dislike for one of my articles, but you can hardly call those a collection, can you? Even when you add to them a cheque for a considerable sum marked in red ink "Refer

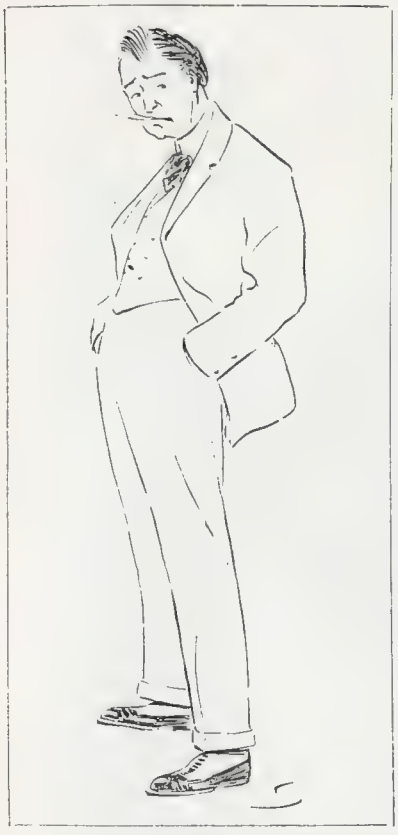
(Continued on page 410

"The interesting fact was that he had it"

A ROMA
IN
PLAIN·E

MANCE
IN
ENGLISH
:-?....!,?!!!
!
“—”
-----,
!“—”?!!!

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page* 407)



"'I find I shall have to specialise,' he said"

to drawer." I don't like to refer to the drawer in print. He might sue me for libel. However.

⁂

One of the horrors of war has been, in Paris, at any rate, the agonised endeavour of the conscientious collector to cope with the situation. It was all right at the very beginning. In 1914 things looked comparatively simple, and one met enthusiasts about. One still meets enthusiastic collectors about, but they look weary, worn, and haggard nowadays. Only the other evening I ran into a man whom I remembered having met at the beginning of September of the first war-year. I, at that time, was cruising about as near the war zone as I could get with a bicycle trying to avoid arrest, because being arrested had by that time already become a drug in the journalistic market, and collecting experience. He had hunted curios. "How's the collection getting on?" I asked him. He shrugged his shoulders. "I find I shall have to specialise," he said; and I couldn't help laughing, because two years ago that all too-sanguine person had told me his intention of collecting *everything* connected with the war, because he thought it would interest his children.

Now, I believe, he is thinking of taking a large flat and papering the walls with war postage stamps. He will want quite a large flat, with plenty of wall space, and, unless he throws away his collections of war banknotes and war posters and war pictures and war letters and war proclamations, he will need a *château* or two. As for the bits of shell with interesting stories and other even more grisly attributes attached, these he will have to keep, if he keeps them at all, in a cellar, for no ordinary floor will support their weight, there are so many of them. As for buttons! Well, anything like a comprehensive collection of regimental buttons and badges would need a museum nowadays. Besides, as my friend explained, to attempt to keep abreast of the war from a collector's point of view, you really must be a state or a municipal institution. And besides war stamps, notes, badges, buttons, letters, pictures, posters, and proclamations there are helmets, which to be of value to the collector must be authenticated in some way, for I understand that the Germans are now manufacturing war curios by the million and exporting them to Allied countries via Brazil, Holland, or Copenhagen. Then war books, flags, medals, German war bread, bread tickets, milk tickets, egg tickets, *est-ce que je sais, moi?* The scrap of paper, the Liége proclamation, and other documents of that kind, must, of course, be included, and no war-curio collection can be complete or representative without a newspaper department (the German papers in special fire-and-vitriol-proof compartments, of course), while a library would have to be built for anything like a complete collection of war caricatures.

⁂

"No, it's all getting rather complicated," said my friend, "and I'm afraid I've bitten off more than I can chew, though, of course, it's all very interesting, and now and again I get a real windfall. I bought a sword yesterday for a few francs, with some real genuine German rusted on the blade." "Nasty!" I said. "M'yes," said he, "if you look at it that way. But ——." He took out a piece of the Cuffley Zeppelin from his pocket and thoughtfully scratched his nose with it—"but I really shall have to think out some plan of housing my collection." "You'll need all Berlin to put it in," I said, "when that is to let." "Not a bad idea," he said. "Or I might, perhaps, specialise on a collection of truthful German telegrams." *They* wouldn't take up too much room, would they?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"Label it and get other madmen to gloat over it with him"

Beauty in Beauty Clad

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppe*

MISS ELSIE SCOTT

A typical Western beauty in a gorgeous Chinese robe: also in an important part in "Houp-La" at the St. Martin's Theatre

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

PASSPORTS AND PERSUASION

CHER AMI—

YOUR letter about the irate French lady who, having got over here, could not get back, amused me very much. The fact that she lived on the Franco-Swiss frontier, or thereabouts, would, no doubt, make matters just a *leetle* bit more complicated for her. But this passport question has its amusing side. You will, I am sure, realise how very necessary it is that there should be so minute a scrutiny of travellers in these troubled days. We English people are proverbially lax in the opening of our gates to the undesirable itinerant, and it was not until some time after the outbreak of war that we took the passport question thoroughly in hand. You, on the contrary, grappled immediately with this highly important matter at your quays and termini, with excellent results.

⁂ ⁂

I GOT mixed up to some extent with the passport question in the autumn of 1914 at a time when a certain French watering-place I need not name became somewhat congested with English officers, wounded, sick, or otherwise *hors de combat*. This French town is tantalisingly near Mayfair. The interesting invalids above-mentioned had each and all of them deep sympathies centred in Mayfair *et les environs*, and the "sympathies" very quickly realised that the invalids needed such care and attention as only ladies could give. Thereupon began the Great Exodus from Victoria by that early morning train. One began to be approached thus: "Charlie is lying in No. 7 Stationary Hospital, *so* dreadful; I *must* go to him, poor darling. Now will you be a dear and advise me (plaintively). You are *so* clever in these things; they say I must have a passport—ridiculous; as if father wasn't perfectly well known. Besides—(and here large eyes, slightly moist, were raised to yours)—he might die."

⁂ ⁂

YOU inquired the nature of the wound solicitously. "Oh, he is not wounded. But he is *very* ill; his horse fell on him and he has got *synovitis*, and I am *so* anxious. Now, please . . .," etc., etc. What one did, of course, was to emulate, as far as possible, the diplomacy of a Bismarck and pass the lady on to some man in another department who owed one money, assuring her that he would help her. Twenty-five minutes afterwards you would ring through to him and inquire tenderly if his headache was better.

⁂ ⁂

THEN there was that other type of woman, *la grande dame*, who endeavoured (often successfully) to sail regally over the top of all official barriers on the wings of her title, or her husband's name. One such I remember well. A very famous person. She didn't want a passport; but something akin to it. She had swept past several embarrassed commissionaires down a long passage, and, by the fortune of war, my door was at the end of it. She walked right in with the announcement: "I'm Lady So-and-So. I want a —— at once please, and I don't want to be kept waiting any longer." I was receiving some instructions at that moment from someone just a little bit mightier even than she, which is saying a good deal. He looked her carefully all over, and then asked, sweetly: "Have you an appointment?" "No; but——." "Then will you be so good as to go away and get one." With which he turned back to me and continued his monologue as if it had been broken off merely by the noise of coals falling in the grate. Exit Lady So-and-So.

⁂ ⁂

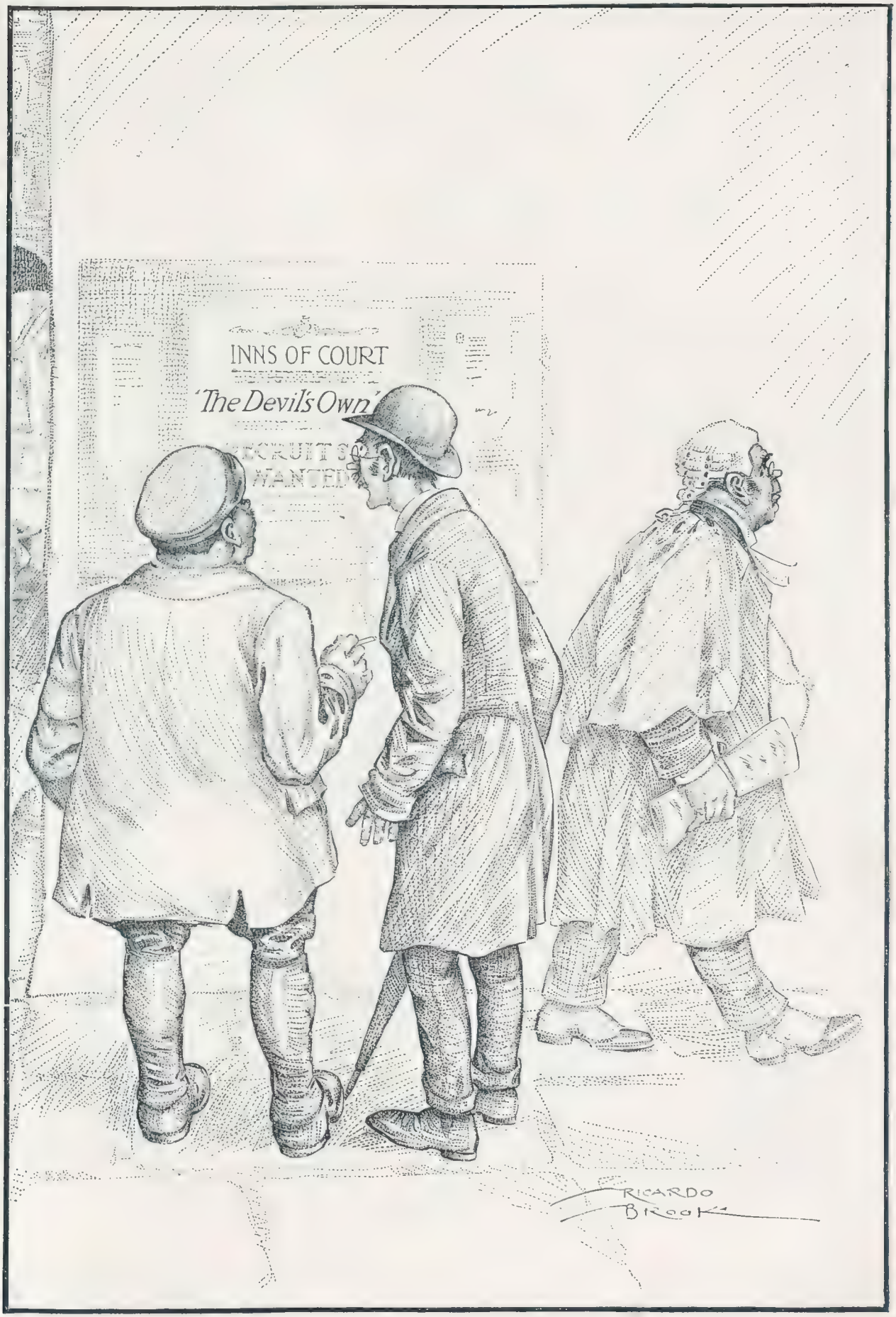
THERE was also another lady. One who would go into dinner before most of her sex. Her episode took place only the other day when the passport difficulty was acute (as it still is). Her husband "stopped one" on the Somme. Her brother wired her from G.H.Q. "Archie wounded this morning, not serious, being sent to——." By Machiavelian cunning and a great charm of manner she wrested a passport from official hands in the record time of twenty-three hours. She arrived at the hospital in France only to be told that her husband had been in the homeward-bound hospital ship which had passed hers in the Channel. Very angry, she essayed to get back with like speed; and again the charm of manner was brought to bear on overworked and utterly callous emmbarkation officers at the quayside. Unfortunately a certain liveliness, not only of the elements, had manifested itself hereabouts, and it was "regretted exceedingly," but she "could not cross just yet." So the good lady fared indifferently in an over-crowded hotel (where she wasn't wanted) for the ensuing five days. When certain eminent gentlemen in London, her recent victims, heard of this in due course, they smiled darkly!

⁂ ⁂

AN amusing incident of passports happened the last time I crossed from France. I was shepherding a friend of mine, a highly nervous individual named Sidwell. His "papers" were perfectly in order—I had seen to that, of course. On stepping off the gangway on the English side a hand was placed on his shoulder, with a "just one moment, please." Two plain-clothes men eyed him sternly; they glanced at his passport, and said one to the other: "He's our man, I think, eh?" But he wasn't. The man they were looking for was called Sedwell. Only, unfortunately, the description of the "wanted" man rather resembled that of my highly respectable friend. You can imagine his momentary terror!

Bien à toi, JOHN

Trade Union Principles



"'Ow d'yer reckon this 'ere 'Devil's Own' Corps 'ud suit us?"
"That ain't for ordin'ry blokes—that's reserved for the lawyers!"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Vanity Fair" at the Palace Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE first joke in this new production is concerned with the programme. It is true it is not very obvious until the subtlety of it is explained from the stage, and to some people a joke that needs explanation appears to be lacking in spontaneity. For instance, you observe on your programme that no reference is made to Scene I, and you are naturally puzzled to know why. Then the curtain rises, and Mr. Arthur Playfair appears and points out that in case some people, who from force of habit usually come late to the theatre, should have accidentally arrived early on this occasion, they may enjoy their usual satisfaction o assuming that they have missed the beginning of the show, anyway. I understand that this is what is known as wit.

WHEN it comes to the presentation on the stage of delicate beauty, however, the Palace Theatre may safely challenge rivalry. A most delightful scene is "The Romance of a Dragon Fly." We see the dainty creature (Mlle. Régine Flory) hovering lightly over a silent pool, and fascinating the susceptible Grasshopper (M. Jan Oyra) by her graceful exercises in the poetry of motion. There is a little display of humour in the presence of a stern policeman disguised as a Beetle, who appears, as they say in the Courts of Law, for Mrs. Grundy. He, however, soon yields to the attractions of a nursemaid disguised as a Lady Bird (I had understood all "Birds" were ladies); and then, according to the programme, the Dragon Fly and her lover "abandon themselves to the *joie de vivre* of a springtime morning." Quite so. There is an indefinable charm about the whole scene which is most satisfying.

IT is the function of a revue to improve with age, and I have no doubt by the time these lines are in print the entertainment at the Palace will be all that can be desired. Speaking of things as I saw them, however, the burlesque of *Chu Chin Chow* impressed me as being a trifle heavy. The story of the Forty Thieves has been a favourite with writers of burlesque as long as I can remember, and some really hilarious things have been done with it. The authors of the new revue at the Palace seem to have missed a quite unusual opportunity of providing the goods that are known to the elect as "screaming fun." Instead, the leading feature of this burlesque is a life-

(*Continued on page 416*)

unless you are a "neutral"

it is both *unpatriotic and bad business* to buy a fountain pen made abroad.

Unpatriotic because that pen would have to be paid for in British gold, which means sending out of the country gold needed to end the war.

Bad business because here in England a better pen is made than any imported from abroad. No other pen combines in itself so many advantages as you find in the British "Onoto" Self-filling Safety Fountain Pen,

For the "Onoto" fills itself, it cannot leak, it is instantly ready to write, it never sweats ink, and you can regulate the ink flow to suit the speed of your handwriting.

When next you are choosing a Fountain Pen examine it, and make sure that it is not made abroad.

Onoto Self-filling Safety Fountain Pens at all Stationers, etc., from 12/6 *upwards. Also Onoto-Valveless, for those who do not want a Self-filling Safety Pen, from* 10/6 *upwards.*

the British Pen is the Onoto

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., BUNHILL ROW, E.C.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 414)

"VANITY FAIR" AT THE PALACE

like imitation of Miss Lily Brayton by Mr. Nelson Keys. It is quite exceptionally clever, though, as the French say, the tastes do not discuss themselves. I am, no doubt, old-fashioned, but it always seems to me that the burlesque of an actress by an actor is a little out of place; especially when, as in the present case, the lady of the original is attired in an open-work kind of skirt that discloses for a considerable length her symmetrical endowments.

*

THE underground railways of London seem to have a fatal fascination for revue writers. In *Vanity Fair* we are shown the usual "Tube" station, with lift and telephone boxes complete. By degrees the usual mixed crowd assembles, but nothing very much happens; and one is tempted to compare the scene with others that have anticipated it more happily. Some attempt is made to jerk a little humour into the proceedings by the arrival of a fluffy young lady who telephones a long message of protest concerning a little dog that tried to get into her room. Up to the last minute an effort is made to create the impression that the "he" referred to is of the human variety; and the effort might have been successfully amusing if we had not met the situation before. No doubt it is very difficult to find new topics to discuss in revue form; but old topics treated with freshness are always acceptable, and both "Tube" and telephone lend themselves easily to all kinds of joyous nonsense.

*

ONE scene of the revue that is novel (in this country, at least) shows us a couple of worldly men after dinner at the club. One of the men is a young bachelor and the other is a middle-aged Benedict. The Bachelor complains that he can find nothing to amuse him in London, and the Benedict recommends him to haunt the suburbs, where, it appears, the girls will do almost anything for a box of chocolates. The Benedict seems to be singularly well-informed in the matter of making friends with shy young ladies, and after listening to the words of worldly wisdom that fell from him, I could not but feel that my own education as a young man had been sadly neglected. The climax of the scene shows us that the Benedict's advice has been taken too literally, and the unhappy man is hoist with his own petard. There are scenes in the new revue which are admirable in every way, and there are others that seemed to me to be as correct—and dull—as the good Bishop himself. JINGLE

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

It is as fashionable as it is illogical to decry British commerce, to heap with contumely British business intelligence, and, in odious comparison with the German commercial and industrial mind, to regard British manufacturers and merchants as either fools or knaves.

Bellicose writers, anæmic politicians, Yellow Press, mob-orators, senile professors, and Colonial statesmen all bellow their criticisms, their exhortations, and their adolescent advice upon subjects on which they display a lamentable, if somewhat amusing, ignorance.

British phlegm is a myth; it exists only as a cloak to her sense of power; but the phlegmatic pose must be abandoned when Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, vilifies his Mother Country.

Mr. Hughes, in one of the leading London newspapers, made statements and expressed views which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. To quote him verbatim—

> *"War has brought hope, food, clothes, and the warmth and brightness of a decent life to millions to whom Peace, so-called, had given nothing but mouldy crusts and filthy rags. Britain in the days of Peace neglected all things that really mattered—national, social, and economic—in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, condemning millions to wretchedness and misery, killing not only body but soul."*

Very uncomplimentary to the country which honoured you as a guest, Mr. Hughes, and ridiculously untrue. The commercial community, at any rate, do not thank you for judging them blackguards and decadents. Mr. Hughes goes on to say that business men of Britain realise that in another ten years, but for this war, British industries would either have been crushed or carried on for the benefit of Germany. That British manufacturers were in a hopeless, chaotic condition, their industries undermined, rapidly dropping behind in the world's markets, and finding themselves enmeshed in the financial and economic web of Germany.

It is tiring to have to reply to journalistic balderdash of this description. I dispute in its entirety this much-flaunted German commercial supremacy. British commerce is now, and always has been, more solid, more prosperous, and more equitable than Germany's. The wealth of a nation is dependent upon its industrial prosperity. Compared with Britain, the wealth of Germany is insignificant. Britain's wealth, disclosed for the first time by this war, has been the amazement of the world. Where is the argument of this boasted German commercial and financial supremacy when the current value of the German mark is 8d. and the British sovereign 19s. 3d.

England's Manufacturers

England and her manufacturers, her merchants, business men, and her industrial workers I know well, for my life has been spent amongst them. Germany and Germans I also know and have studied; and, when our commercial methods and intelligence are adversely compared, I do not know whether to smile or feel indignant. German commerce is as speculative as her banking system; both are fundamentally unsound, and the results will be proved when peace is declared.

"Five Minutes Easy"

From the painting by "Rilette" to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley

Man for man, the English business man is on an infinitely higher plane, commercially, morally, socially, and intellectually, than the German. Man for man, our working classes are better paid, better fed, better clad, and better treated, possess an immeasurably superior individuality and far more independence than the German working classes, who are, as a rule, merely automatons in an unscrupulous mechanical system, and puppets dancing to the tune of a ruthless military Government.

Let the carpers, therefore, cease this habit of irritating criticism and senseless homily. Let them understand that commercial and industrial Britain was never greater than at the present moment. Let them realise that English commerce is providing the vast sums to pay for the war. Let them appreciate the wonderful powers of organisation and the genius for adaptability proved by the British manufacturer during the last few years. Let their minds grasp the fact that the Army, the Navy, and the finance of the nation are dependent upon the commercial community, whose great progress has been made despite, and not because of, the Government.

War Savings

The War Savings Committee has made a direct statement as follows: "It is true that importation must be reduced to a minimum, but it is equally true that the utmost economy is necessary in the consumption of home-made goods. There is only one method, and that is by all-round economy, *without regard to the origin of the articles consumed.*"

What a pitiable exhibition of logic! Can one conceive a patriotic argument which makes no distinction between foreign-made and home-made products? Buying home-made products contributes to the wages of British workpeople, to the wealth of the nation, and to the financing of the war; foreign-made products contribute nothing. Need one discuss this fatuous statement further?

There is hardly a business man in Britain who is not doing his utmost to assist the nation in these critical days, but we shall soon refuse to submit quietly to the crass stupidities of Officialdom and Bumbledom. Neither the Government nor its comic committees represent the spirit of the people. Hitherto the average business man, who is in reality the brains and the backbone of the country, has avoided Parliament, because his intelligence would not permit him to submerge his individuality and become a mere cipher to Party principles. After the war, however, there should be a new Parliamentary era. The day of the sycophant, the place-seeker, and the mandarin will be over, and the new laws of the land will be founded on one basis only—that of Common Logic.

It is upon this simple foundation of logic that Pope and Bradley have achieved a great commercial success in a comparatively few years. Instead, however, of being the leading House of its kind in the West End, if the business of Pope and Bradley were run upon the red-tape methods of Government officials, I would give it about twelve months before going into bankruptcy.

BELLICOSITIES

HERR VON PECKSNIFF-HOLLWEG is understood to have been much hurt and disappointed by the fact that, on the day after his beautiful "league of nations" speech, it was formally announced that the Nobel Peace Prize will not be awarded this year.

❋

"THE NAVY BOOK OF FAIRY TALES" has been compiled for sale in the interests of a naval charity. To be complete, it should certainly include Admiral von Scheer's detailed account of the Battle of Jutland.

❋

THE clergyman summoned for excessive church lighting who deposed that his congregation had complained bitterly of their inability to see their way to church, and also said that they were glad of the darkness as an excuse for non-attendance, seems to have mistaken his vocation. Such a subtle mastery of the "alternative plea" might have led him to the Woolsack.

LORD HALDANE'S tailor, whose liberal discount for cash has just had such a valuable advertisement from his distinguished patron, is understood to be not at present expecting an order from his Lordship for a new office coat.

❋

A LADY fined at Willesden the other day for being intoxicated explained that she had been an abstainer for years until recently when she began to read the newspapers. To understand all is to forgive all. Mr. Garvin's talented, but anonymous, young friend has much to answer for.

❋

A SPARK, it is said, caused the slight fire which broke out last week on the third floor of the Ministry of Munitions. There are far too many of these young sparks in Government offices. We shall have the Thames alight if we're not careful.

❋

WHAT we can't understand, however, is why the fire occurred on the third floor. The Civil Service spark generally gets in on the ground floor.

❋

PERSONS in Turkey who have paid cash for immunity from military service are now being called up. That's Enver and his friends all over—the young Turks!

❋

BURGLARS have raided the Chief Constable of Eastbourne's pantry and stolen a pot of jam and some cheese. It is believed that the miscreants must have been to "the pictures."

❋

THE Chairman of the Law Society Section of the London Appeal Tribunal has shrewdly told a conscientious objector that "conscience ought not to be regarded as an investment." We wish someone would tell the Coalition that it ought not to be regarded as a speculation.

Reduced facsimile. Original in Royal Engineers' Colours.

The Gift this Xmas—FREE

This handsome corded silk Regimental Cigarette Case, with 9-ct. gold tops, in the **correct design and colours of any British Regiment,** will be presented FREE OF COST, and without any advertisement thereon, with each first purchase of

500 No. 17

"Imperial Service"

CIGARETTES

(Turkish or Virginia)

Sent post paid with Cigarette Case:

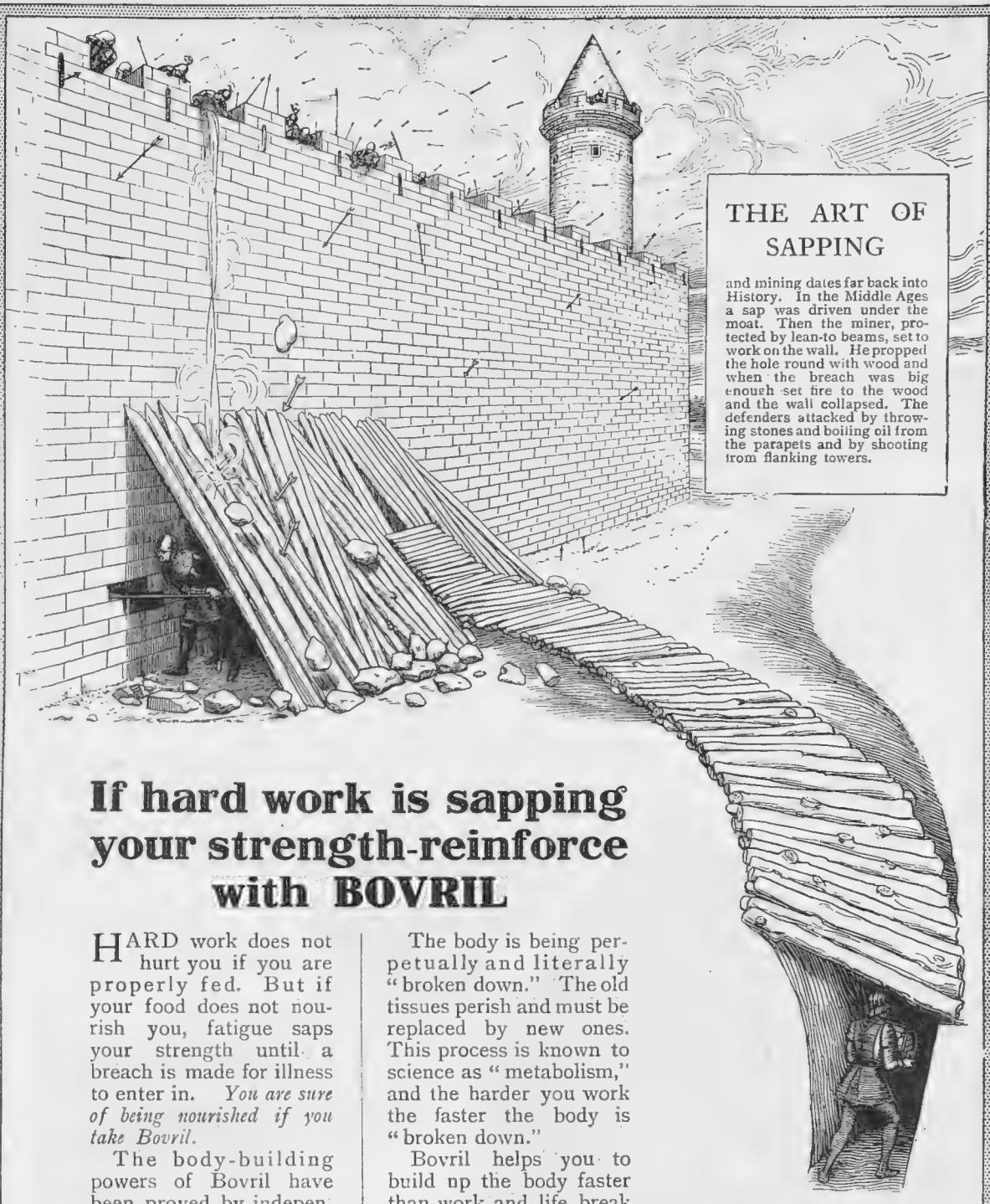
To the **FRONT** (air-tight tins), duty free, **23/6**

In the **UNITED KINGDOM** (boxes) - **30/-**

Much as you or your Service friends will like the cigarette case, which is really a first-class article, the chief pleasure will be derived from the cigarettes. They have that delicacy of flavour, aroma, and coolness in smoking which is the hall-mark of quality. They will, we think, secure us the permanence of your custom, and our object in making these gifts be thus achieved.

Sole Manufacturers:

BARTLETT & BICKLEY, 8c Vigo St., Bond St., London, W.



THE ART OF SAPPING

and mining dates far back into History. In the Middle Ages a sap was driven under the moat. Then the miner, protected by lean-to beams, set to work on the wall. He propped the hole round with wood and when the breach was big enough set fire to the wood and the wall collapsed. The defenders attacked by throwing stones and boiling oil from the parapets and by shooting from flanking towers.

If hard work is sapping your strength-reinforce with BOVRIL

HARD work does not hurt you if you are properly fed. But if your food does not nourish you, fatigue saps your strength until a breach is made for illness to enter in. *You are sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.*

The body-building powers of Bovril have been proved by independent scientific investigation to be ten to twenty times the amount taken. And that is exactly why Bovril is so valuable when one is working at high pressure.

The body is being perpetually and literally "broken down." The old tissues perish and must be replaced by new ones. This process is known to science as "metabolism," and the harder you work the faster the body is "broken down."

Bovril helps you to build up the body faster than work and life break it down. That is why Bovril safeguards your health and gives you, over and above, that store of splendid energy which makes living a pleasure. Start taking Bovril to-day.

For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. tins in a compact parcel.

In spite of the increase in the cost of Beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.

Bovril gives strength to win.

S.H.B.

MUSICAL NOTES

DELIUS AND DEBUSSY

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM has provided the Musical Bystander with two first-class surprises lately. The first at the Opera, where his management was responsible for a performance of *Tristan and Isolde* so wonderfully good that he (the Musical Bystander) could hardly believe his ears.

⁂ ⁂

THE second surprise was only due to Sir Thomas indirectly, in that he is now the Prime Minister of the Philharmonic Society, which gave the concert that occasioned it, and conducted the music. Last week we were lucky enough to hear Debussy's *Iberia* and some portion of Delius's *Village Romeo and Juliet* in the same programme—and I must say that I was slowly convinced that Delius's music is in reality better than Debussy's!

MISS MARY LAW
The clever violinist who is playing at the Coliseum

⁂ ⁂

I THINK the general public would expect anyone to be positively bowled over by such a discovery. Debussy, you see, has the inestimable advantage of being French. Moreover, he is extraordinarily *à la mode*, while Delius, if I may dramatise the situation, is only *à la mode de* Lady Cunard. For some extraordinary reason the ordinary public will not appreciate Delius properly, in the main because it does not realise that his music, to be loved, only needs listening to; it does not require great intellectual concentration. In some ways Delius's music is very like Grieg's—it is just lovely sound. Anybody can appreciate it, provided he does not trouble to ask himself the why and wherefore.

⁂ ⁂

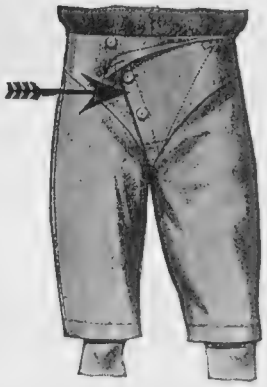
ONLY, from the technical point of view, it is clumsy. Technically Debussy is to Delius as a skilled fencer to a ploughboy. In *Iberia*, for instance, everything "comes off," every device for titivating the senses and captivating the attention is used perfectly. In *The Village Romeo and Juliet* the scoring is "thick," the effects uncertain. Nevertheless, it is the latter and not the former that has the real stuff in it. Debussy sometimes turns it out, not often, and, when he does, he is supreme. Delius nearly always gives it to us, but he rarely strikes the hearer as supreme because his *technique* is not of the first order.

FRANCIS TOYE

"These don't disagree with me, like others I've tried."

"For Winter in the Trenches"

Chamois Leather Drawers



Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

Price 27/6 post free.

When ordering, please give waist measurement.

Chamois Leather Jackets

Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather being very smooth, the jacket can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement.

PRICE { UNLINED 30/- / LINED 32/6 } Post free

ALSO IN CHROME LEATHER-LINED FLEECE FOR AVIATORS, £3 3 0

Chamois Leather Socks

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

Price 9/6 post free.

When ordering, please state size of boot worn.

TURNBULL AND ASSER

Military and Sporting Outfitters,

71-72, JERMYN ST. (5 Doors from St. James's St.) LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams—"Paddywhack, London." Telephone—4628 Gerrard.

Hamptons' inexpensive Modern Furniture

For illustrations, in colour, of numerous other examples of inexpensive Home Furnishings, see Hamptons' 1916 Booklet, sent free.

C8479

Hamptons' No. C8479, Oak Bureau, with automatic action, 2 feet 6 inches wide.

£5 10s.

Hamptons' No. S10858, Easy Chair, stuffed all hair. Seat fitted with a loose cushion, filled with down, covered with a good quality cretonne.

A most restful Chair.

£5 15s. 0d.

S10858

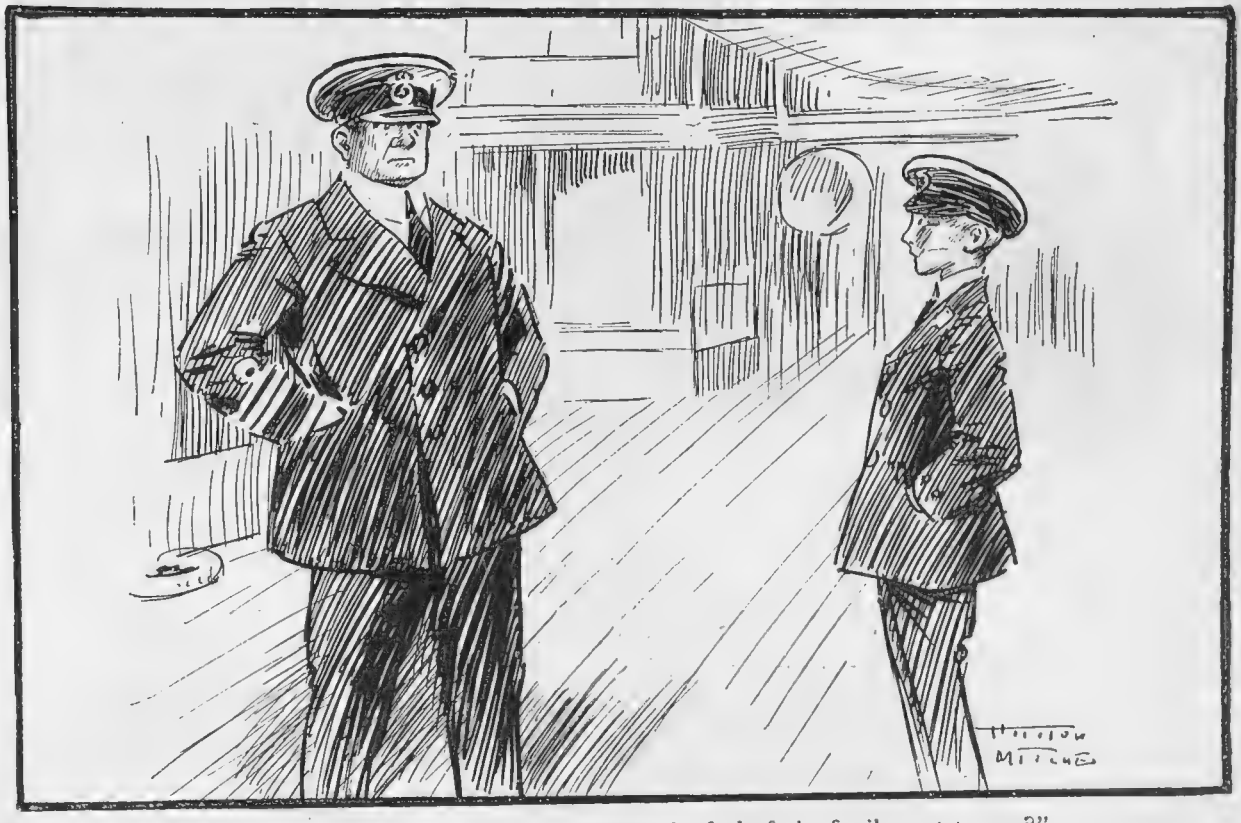
Hampton & Sons, Ltd., pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain or to any port in Ireland.

HAMPTONS

Decorators · Furnishers

Pall Mall East, London, S.W. and at Buenos Aires.

Forgot Himself

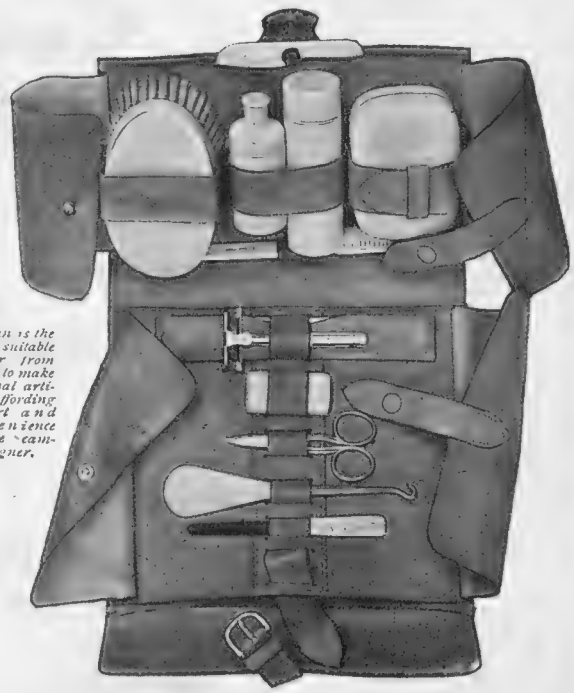


'Well, my boy, the old story, I suppose—the fool of the family sent to sea?"
"Oh, no, Sir; that's all altered since your day"

A very light Roll-up Toilet Case

Well known and popular amongst Officers.

ESTABLISHED 1845 CROSS LONDON



Pigskin is the most suitable leather from which to make personal articles affording comfort and convenience to the campaigner.

THIS case is the smallest and completest Toilet Case for Service use. It is supplied, if desired, without fittings, ready to take requisites already in use. The running straps are adjustable to your own fittings. The fittings supplied by us for this case comprise every necessary item and are of first rate quality. The case has been found of exceptional utility and convenience in the present campaigns.

No. 733E.—Case complete with ebony hair brush, electro-plated soap box, shaving brush tube (with shaving brush), tooth-powder bottle, white tooth brush with guard for bristles, comb in case, razor-blade box, steel nail scissors, nail file, shoe lift, and button hook, "Cross" safety razor and five blades, and new Service mirror **87/6**

No 733C.—Case complete as above, but with fittings of ivory grain xylonite **71/-**

Registered Parcel Post to the B.E.F., 1/4.

No. 733.—Empty Roll-up Case only, made of fine soft pigskin, weighing about 8ozs., is **37/6**

This case is also made from waterproof tan canvas, price empty **25/-**
With fittings of ivory grain xylonite **58/6**

Initials branded **6d.** per letter.
Names complete **1/9.** Names and Regiment **2/6.**

The Case weighs about 8 ozs.

Write for New Book No. 2 of "CROSS" SERVICE GOODS.
It illustrates and describes an attractive variety of articles useful to the soldier on active service, and also suggests many gifts from soldiers to the folks at home.

MARK CROSS Ltd
89 REGENT ST. LONDON, W

WATER BOTTLES.

With Cradle Carrier.

Water Bottle, nickel, silver plated inside, non-corrosive, bayonet top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1¾ pints ... 1 2 6
do. with leather cradle carrier ... 1 5 0
do. 2½ pints 1 8 0
do. with cradle carrier 1 10 0
do. Regulation pattern, concaved, 2½ pints 1 8 0

Haversacks, extra large and strong. Made from an officer's design 0 12 6
do. with leather base ... 0 18 6

Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for **NEW** *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY
By Appointment to H.M. the King.
185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

The Ideal Service Kit includes

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

KHAKI SHIRTS.

The majority of Officers in the British Army know by experience the advantages of wearing "Viyella." It reduces the risk of chill to a minimum, is soft, warm, light and non-irritant, and it will not shrink, whilst its exceeding durability will stand the hard wear which the campaign demands better than anything else—over two years of war have proved the absolute superiority of "Viyella" in every respect. "Viyella" Shirts are obtainable ready-to-wear or made-to-measure in regulation Khakis in "weights," adapted to the various seasons and climes (standard, medium, and heavy weights).

Standard weight from 10/6 each.
Medium ,, ,, 11/- ,,
Heavy ,, ,, 12/- ,,

OBTAINABLE OF ALL SERVICE OUTFITTERS.

If any difficulty in obtaining write to the manufacturers for patterns and any information required

Wm Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 24, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

Purity and refinement idealised

Snake Charmer

Cigarettes

for

Connoisseurs

HIGH CLASS

AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten
BOUQUET 7½d.
SIZE

QUEEN 10½d.
SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-14, Clarence Street, St Luke's, London E.C.

Think ahead!

Character in Footwear Appearance

No part of a man's attire is so characteristic as his footwear—so much of the rest is stereotyped.

The man who cares for his personal appearance always uses Meltonian Cream for his black boots and shoes, Lutetian Cream for the brown. Meltonian gives a rich, glossy effect to the leather, renders it supple, and safeguards it against cracking or splitting.

Meltonian Cream

The Most Economical Polish Sold

Only a very little is required to produce a brilliant and lasting polish.

LUTETIAN CREAM (in three shades) will do for your brown footwear what Meltonian does for black.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send a postcard for nearest retailer's address to

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick Street, London.

Wilson & Gill
139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON, W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised Silver Serpent, £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0

Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch. £4 10 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3 10 0 to £50.
Sketches and Estimates on Application.

About CANADIAN BADGES

We have specialised in the manufacture of all Badges for Canadian Overseas Battalions, and hold over 500 dies. We can deliver any new Cap or Collar Badge in 21 days on receipt of pattern.

We also make any Badge in brooch form as souvenir.

Special set for collectors of 50 Badges, all different, £2 0 0. 100, all different, £4 0 0

Write for quotations and patterns from the actual makers—

J. W. TIPTAFT & SON, LTD.
NORTHAMPTON STREET,
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

Phone: Central 666t.
Telegraphic Address:
"Tiptaft, Birmingham."
Contractors to H.M. Government

Capt. M——, B.E.F., France, writes 6/2/16:—
"Your Soles are absolutely O.K."
Sir H. H. A. HOARE, Bart., writes 29/11/15:—
"They are in every way thoroughly satisfactory.

Phillips' 'Military'
SOLES AND HEELS

¶ Thin rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear. The rubber used is **six times more durable than leather.**

¶ They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet kept dry in wet weather.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

STOUT (for Active Service) ... ... 4/9 per set.
LIGHT (for Town wear, golf, &c.) ... 3/9 ,,
LADIES (for general wear) ... ... 3/- ,,
With slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send pencilled outline of sole and heel, with P.O for Sample Set, to the makers. Sent Post Free.

Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Dept. K.2.) 142-6 Old Street, LONDON, E.C.

TRIPLEX Safety GLASS
GOGGLES, WINDSCREENS, AND WINDOWS.

FUTILITY

BY RONALD FRANKAU

CLAUDE RAYMOND was an orphan and a journalist. He was too much a gentleman ever to be a really successful one. Before the war he had lived in a world of lies and pose—catering to the public, genuflecting to circumstance. He could get three guineas for a paltry article, written in a day. It would take him a year to write the book he wanted to—a year of no income, of starvation, of misery. He had no friends. He had pride—reticence—self-consciousness. It would have taken time to unearth the real Claude. Few men had the time—fewer still the desire. Claude Raymond fortified himself with walls of silence and guns of sarcasm. He was not happy.

He had intended to enlist, but his editor had promised to get him a commission. Early in August he had been called to the private office.

"Look here, Raymond," the editor had begun, "you're a fine, tall fellow, and I should think you would make a commander of men. My advice to you is that you put in your application for a commission. Er . . . you've done the paper quite a bit of service in your time, and I think I can—er—help you. I happen to be rather pally with old Freeman up at the W.O. . . ."

"That's very good of you, sir," Claude had answered, "especially as your motive in helping me is merely the noble one of gratitude."

"Waxing sarcastic again, Raymond!" the editor had continued. "Look here, I'll come right to the point. They're not going to allow any correspondents out there, so the only thing to do is to send one of you chaps as an officer. You seemed the best one for the job. I don't want truth, maps, positions, or any of that rot. If I get you your commission, I want you to send over some really exciting war-scenes—you know, 'The Plucky Belgian Woman who Saved the 100th Division.' That's the stuff I want. Are you game?"

"Oh, I suppose so," Claude had answered. "What's the job worth?"

"Five guineas an article of not more than two thousand words, and I shall expect one weekly."

Claude made a rapid mental calculation, and accepted the Editor's offer. He knew he could save enough in the few months the war would last to keep him for about six afterwards. That would mean ten chapters. Ten whole chapters. He could write that in six months. That would mean so much. Then he could get it brought out in serial form. Living on whatever he got for the first ten chapters, he could complete the book. A book with a brilliant idea. An idea wonderfully, artistically worked out. He knew it would be that. Of course, only a few would read it, but what did that matter? They would be the few who counted. The real critics would understand it and the literary world would realise its value. Other writers would try to imitate. His name would be handed down to history not as a successful writer, perhaps, but as a pioneer—an artist—a genius.

Of course, he had often mused like this—letting his tired brain wander into the realms of imagination. For his brain was tired—even as a boxer training, tired after an energetic skip, yet ever eager for a real fight.

So he had accepted the editor's offer. What mattered ways or means? Perhaps he would be killed! No; that was absurd. The war would probably be over before he had completed his training. Besides, he had something for the world. Those above would not let him be killed. He was an agnostic, yet believed there must be some power which ruled destiny, which understood each individual's claim on life. The Power would understand his claim. The book was more than a novel. It created thought, new thought. It was philosophy combined with fiction, fiction with truth; and the whole in a new setting, a new style.

He was as unpopular in the battalion as he had been everywhere. The men obeyed his rank, the junior officers sneered at him, the seniors admitted their failure to understand him.

"He does what he's told to, and does it well," his company commander would say to the colonel, "but he's so damned surly, and I never know whether the brute's being sarcastic to me."

The subalterns called him "Smiling Morn" on account of his lugubrious appearance and perpetual frown.

For the last two years Claude Raymond had been compiling notes for his work. They had already reached quite bulky proportions. They were the foundation of his book. He relied on them tremendously. He had them in his wind-swept, wooden hut. Every day, after the parades were over, he sat poring over them, adding and correcting. Often he thought of starting properly. But he knew it would be madness. Once he began he could never leave off. He knew he would want to work at top-speed all the time. No other ideas must come between him and his work. His thoughts must be the outcome of his own untroubled consciousness.

One night he was in his quarters, packing his kit. To-morrow he was going to France—to war. He decided to take the notes with him. They were in abbreviations—badly written. If he were killed they would be found on him, but no one would take the trouble to read them. There were so many kits to go through. So many would have illegible manuscripts in them, diaries, love-letters—all the feeble writings of feeble intellects. So he argued as he put them into his pack. Beyond these he took but the exrtreme necessities—nothing for his personal comfort. There was no room. Oh, how soon would the insane slaughtering be over, how soon could he return, how soon begin? . . .

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 426)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page* 425)

So, after half a year's training, Claude Raymond went to the front. Journalism or patriotism—what mattered the motive?

But he had the desire to live. He had no dependents—no love to which to return—only the book; but that meant more to him than relations, more to him than wife or children could have done. He knew he wouldn't be killed. Death as the word *finis* before even the preface had been written—that was impossible.

. . . . . .

A night of murder, continuous shelling, black, crawling figures, black shrieking figures. A night of rain and thunder, the thunder of "mines," the wheezing of shells, the spatter of machine-guns, and then only the squelch of mud, the slow drip of blood and water, the perpetual moaning, and occasionally a woman's name loudly yelled. But Claude lay silent. He had no woman's name to shout. Oh, damn them! When would they come and fetch him away? He was getting so wet. Thank God, he was lying on the notes. Besides, they were in a water-proof sheet, inside the pack—they were all right. He wondered where he was hit. He could not move at all. Anyway, this would mean England—everything. He was really damned lucky. "A marvellous piece of work, sir, a work of genius, deserving unlimited praise from the whole of the educated world. . . ." Who was that? Oh, he was dreaming. Naturally his wound was weakening him. Perhaps he was losing blood—"losing blood—blood—marvellous piece of work—well, of course, it was—genius—genius—educated GENIUS." He was shouting now. Someone had come up to him—was touching him, they could not take his notes. He was lying on them. He knew that. They could not guess they were in his pack—ha! ha! that was clever to put them in his pack.

"Unconscious and quite hopeless. Shall we take him along?"

"Haven't room for the' goners,' I'm afraid. They'll come out and bury 'em to-morrow, I expect."

He had heard! Well, of course he had heard. Did they think he was deaf? Hopeless—what did they mean?—hopeless—goner—he, Claude Raymond—hopeless—that was his name, Claude Raymond, wasn't it? Of course. All England knew it. All the world acknowledged it. Hopeless—goner—they were mad. He could not die. Surely they knew he could not die. Why was it so dark—thickly dark—he hated darkness—he always had hated darkness. "A book, deserving unlimited pralse." There was that voice again. He thanked it. It was his own. Of course it was his own. He knew that. Why was he talking to himself, damned fool. Ah! now it was becoming lighter—much lighter. That was better. The man who had touched him ought to have known he hated darkness—ought to have given him light—the light was almost dazzling now and warm—wonderful. Thank God for that—a work of genius—the light of genius—hopeless—a goner—oh! . . .

And the notes were buried with him.

RONALD FRANKAU

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our stock contains a large variety of dainty garments for little boys and girls.

Little Girl's Dancing Petticoat and Nickers Combined, as sketch. The skirt of net trimmed Valenciennes lace and ribbon, and bodice of Japanese silk edged lace.

Size for two to three year
PRICE **29/6**

Size for four years
PRICE **31/9**

Any size made to order, rising 2/- a size.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

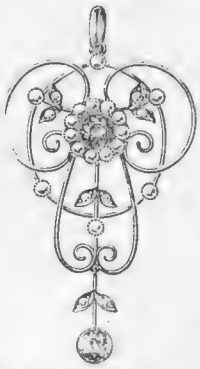
Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

WHITELEYS

HANDSOME
Gem Brooches & Pendants

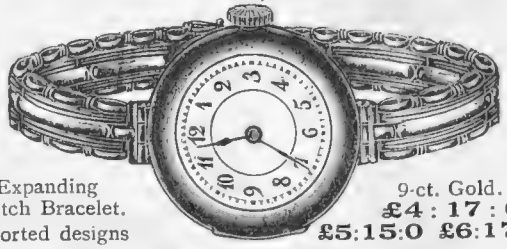
15-ct. Gold, Pearls and Amethyst, **35/-**

Pearl and Garnet Pendant, **19/6**
Pearls & Amethysts **21/-**



Pearl and Peridot Pendant, **35/-**

Pearl & Amethyst Pendant, or Turquoise & Pearls **30/-**



Expanding Watch Bracelet. Assorted designs

9-ct. Gold.
£4 : 17 : 6
£5:15:0 £6:17:6

XMAS GIFT CATALOGUE POST FREE

Wm. Whiteley Ltd., Queen's Rd., London, W

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS

Every Pen is guaranteed to give satisfaction

14/6

27/6

12/6

32/-

A Fitting Gift for a "Service" Xmas

Service—this is the biggest thought to-day. It is finely and durably expressed in the "Swan" Pen. Efficient in itself, the "Swan" promotes efficiency in the user. The soldier in the field, the sailor aboard ship, the doctor, the nurse, the professional and the business man, the women at work and at home, the boy and the girl at school—each and all can be helped by the "Swan." Why not give this fitting gift to your friend this Xmas?

No advance in prices of "Swan" Pens: Other makers have put up their prices about 20%

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Standard pattern, with slip-on cap, from 10/6
Safety pattern with screw-on cap, from 12/6

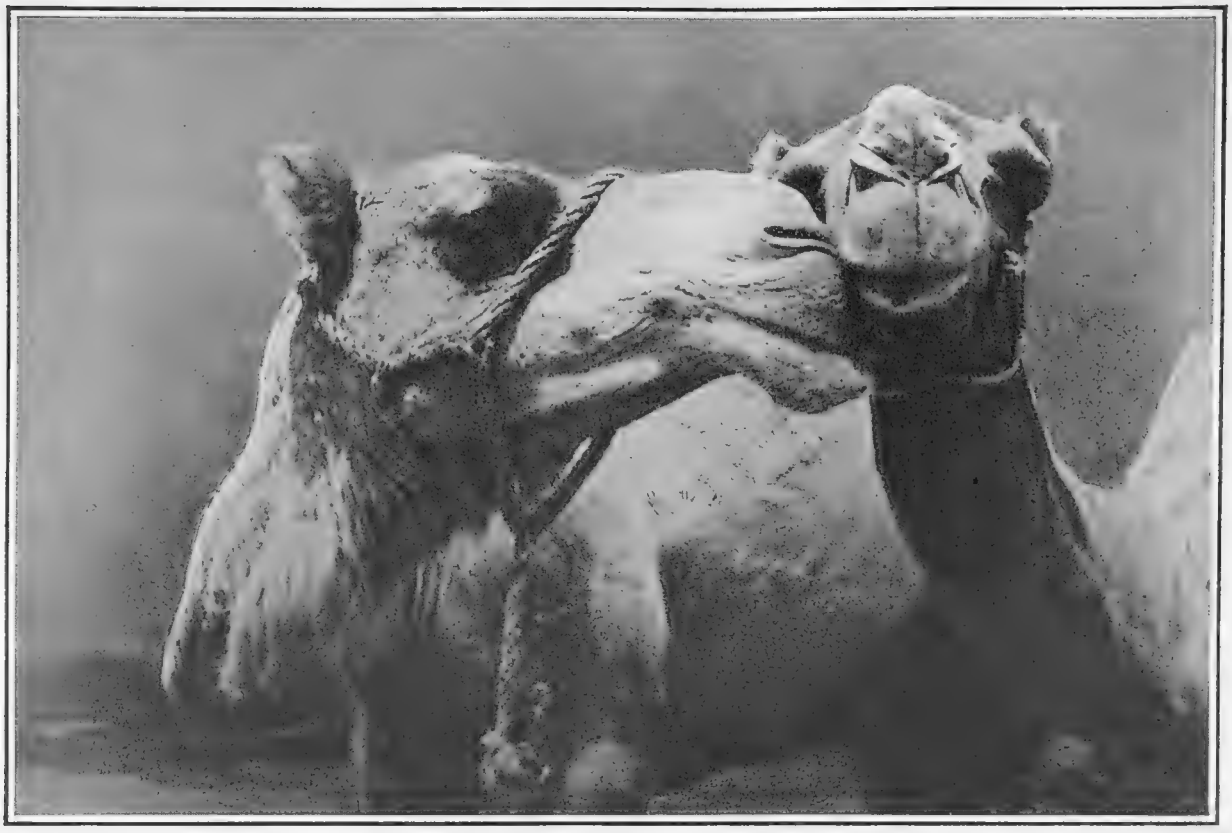
Write for Illustrated Catalogue—Post Free

Post Early for Abroad.

Christmas letter mail should be despatched to Salonika and Egypt by December 2nd and France by December 16th. Registered Postage: British Expeditionary Forces or Colonial, 4d. Foreign, 6d.

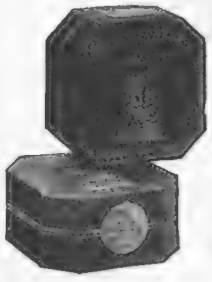
MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.
38 Cheapside, E.C.; 95a and 204 Regent St., W., London; 3 Exchange St., Manchester:
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c.
London Factory—319-329 Weston St., S.E.
Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

Enfin Seuls !



POUDRE DUBARRY

The Choicest of all Face Powders. The Powder that Clings & Beautifies. Infinitely Soft & Delicate. A Face Powder de Luxe which gives the Skin a Smooth Transparent Radiance like Nature's Own. Its Invisibility is an Added Charm



IN FIVE TINTS *Rachel, Rachel Foncé, Naturelle, Blanche, Rosée,*
IN SIXTEEN LOVELY ODOURS THE MOST POPULAR BEING-
The Heart of a Rose, Arcadie, Romador, Nuit de Mai, Blue Lagoon, Persephone, Bunch of Violets, Night of June.

PRICE 4/6 PER BOX *POST FREE* ON RECEIPT OF REMITTANCE

Dubarry et Cie,

Parfumeurs

81, BROMPTON RD. LONDON, S.W.

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

Gem Specialists.

Royal Naval Cap Badge,
Set in Diamonds, £8 8 0
15-ct. Gold and Enamel, £2 2 0

Royal Engineers.
Set in Diamonds, £5 10 0
15-ct. Gold and Enamel, £2 2 0

Royal Flying Corps,
Set in Diamonds, £11 10 0
15-ct. Gold and Enamel, £2 2 0

Army Service Corps,
Set in Diamonds, £5 10 0
15-ct. Gold and Enamel, £2 2 0

Design of any other Regimental Badge submitted free.

Royal Army Medical Corps,
Set in Diamonds, £5 0 0
15-ct. Gold and Enamel, £2 2 0

158-162, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
172, REGENT STREET, W. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
Manufactory and Showrooms: ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

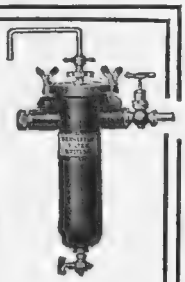
Unfiltered Water . . .

MAY CONTAIN THE LURKING
— GERMS OF DISEASE. —

THE . .

Berkefeld Filter

(BRITISH)



BRITISH MADE & BRITISH OWNED,

Affords the surest protection against Water-borne Diseases.

The Pattern as illustrated, gives a rapid supply of pure water when fitted to main.

Price - - 30/-

To be had of all Large Stores, Ironmongers, Chemists, etc.

Wholesale only: IMPERIAL HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.

Gibbs's Dentifrice

Like a Breeze in the mouth.

Your First & Last Thought before getting up and going to bed should be your teeth, and therefore Gibbs's Dentifrice because it is the finest and most economical; and it is British.

Price 6d. & 1/- of all Chemists

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Dentifrice Shaving Soap, Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

D. and W. GIBBS, Ltd., (Dept. 15F), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. *Established 1712*

Books of the Week

RUSSIA—AND A ROMANCE

"Russian Memories"

THERE is one woman, now alive, who has probably greater cause for personal satisfaction than anyone else now that Russia and Great Britain are fighting together. Madame Olga Novikoff, whose life has been spent in one gigantic effort to better relations between the two countries, has written many books, but most of them appeared long ago. In *Russian Memories* (Jenkins: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) this gracious lady, who was once thought by many to be the most dangerous woman in Europe, publishes a random collection of recollections. There is much of Gladstone, of course, for was it not Gladstone who took "O.K." under his capacious wing? (Or was it, perhaps, "O.K." herself who possessed the capacious wing?) And there are chapters on the Siberian system and on the various difficulties against which the Russian Government has had to contend. The book rambles on in entertaining, if rather haphazard, fashion, and will certainly help to enable the Briton to understand the strength and the weakness of his new Ally.

"Greenmantle"

Mr. John Buchan must really be a wonderful man. Not content with compiling the most compact and most readable history of the war he has found time to write one of the most fascinating and exciting romances that have appeared for some years. *Greenmantle* (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* net) is one long breathless adventure. A major wounded at Loos, but convalescent, is suddenly called on by the Foreign Office to visit Germany and Turkey with a view to putting an end to some vast Germano-Islamic propaganda in the East. To help him he has a dyspeptic American, a soldier-friend from his own regiment, and a Boer. Nothing nowadays is incredible, and Major Hannay's escapades are sufficiently startling and unexpected to delight even those readers who may be keenest to "get away from the war." Mr. Buchan's detailed knowledge of the various campaigns has stood him in good stead, and you follow the Major from Portugal to Germany, from Germany to Austria in a river-boat loaded with ammunition, and from Austria to Turkey, with intense interest. There matters become so exceedingly awkward that you almost despair; but the Major's friend, Sandy, is of inestimable value, and the mission ends triumphantly in Erzerum with a vision of the Cossacks riding up to take possession of that ancient stronghold. *Greenmantle* has everything to recommend it. It is one of those books which, if once begun, prevents you from doing anything else until you have finished it.

(Continued on page 432)

Cosy Jackets

For OFFICERS on SERVICE

Most acceptable for Winter Campaign

=

Camel Hair Shade Knitted Jackets

21/- 25/-

Heather, Grey, Lovat or Brown Shades Knitted Woollen

10/6 15/6 18/6

Real Shetland, Hand-made, Brown or Grey, for wearing under Uniforms each 9/6

Khaki Knitted Warm Service Jackets

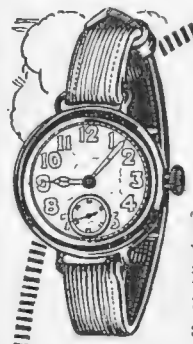
each 10/6 12/6

John Barker and Company Limited

BARKERS

KENSINGTON

LONDON W



100% Value

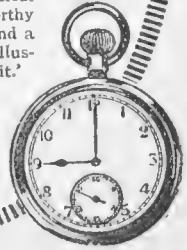
The 'Limit' offers 100% watch value—no other watch is its equal at the price. While the 'Limit' is handsome and well finished, all watch-making skill and attention have been concentrated on the movement. That's the reason it's so valuable a timekeeper. The 'Limit' has many special movement features.

The Limit WATCH

A straightforward guarantee for two years with every watch. Prices from One Guinea. Can be had as a wrist watch for ladies or gentlemen, or as a pocket watch for gentlemen.

You must know more about this wonderful timekeeper. If contemplating a worthy present to a friend (or yourself), send a postcard for a copy of our handsome Illustrated Booklet 'Just about the Limit.' Costs nothing, yet you cannot fail to be interested. Write now to

The Limit Watch Depot C4
26, Withy Grove,
Manchester.



Xmas Gift Suggestions *from* Peter Robinson's OXFORD STREET

Solid Pigskin Cigarette Magazine, size 5½ by 3½ inches, to take 32 cigarettes . . 6/6

Treasury Note and Cigarette Case combined, in real Pigskin 7/6

Solid Leather Case, containing Safety Razor, Shaving Brush, Soap, and spare Blades 15/-

Real Antelope Leather Tobacco Pouches. Plain 5/6
With 9-ct. gold circle mount 10/6

Peter Robinson Ltd.

The Whisky for Connoisseurs

TUCKEY'S

Ten Years Old

Pure Malt Whisky

per **57/-** doz.

Case Free and Carriage Paid.
Soft, Mellow, Old Pot Still Scotch Whisky.
Sample Bottle, post free, **5/3.**

The "Lancet" says:
"It is well adapted for dietetic purposes owing to its purity and quality."

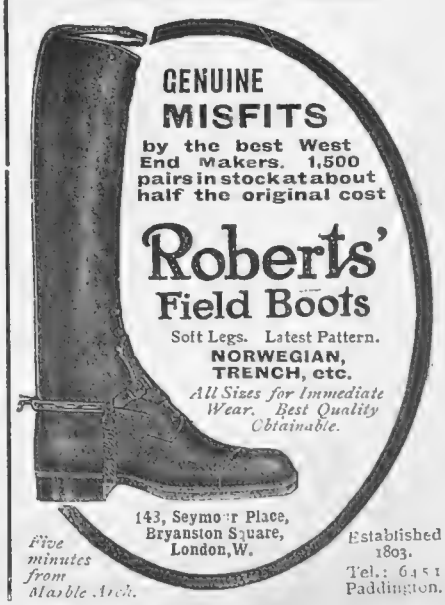
12 Years Old Liqueur Whisky
60/- per doz. 5/6 per bottle.

Chas. Tuckey & Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. Y), 3, Mincing Lane, E.C.

RADIUM BATH SALT puts new life into you after a strenuous day, or if you suffer from **Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, Shell Shock, Muscular Disorders, etc.**

RA-BA-SA

Ask your Chemist for a **1/-** packet or box of 7 for **5/9.** Directions, &c., on each packet



BOOKS OF THE WEEK (*concluded from page* 430)

The Shade of Pepys

Readers of *Truth* will not need to be told of Samuel Pepys, Junior, or of his entertaining *Diary of the Great War* (Lane : 5*s.* net), which has now appeared in book form with a seventeenth century dedication to His Excellency the Editor, and with old-face type, all complete. The younger Pepys is not nearly such a nice person as his distinguished ancestor was, but he is hardly less amusing. What the original Mr. Pepys would have said (and written in those difficult hieroglyphics of his) had he been alive in these troubled days one shudders to think ; but his descendant prattles on very cheerfully indeed, though, as befits the selfish old humbug he is, there is a quite frequent touch of the pessimist in his entries.

Methods of "Economy"

This new Pepys has his own methods of doing things. As you might expect, he is "economical," but you question whether all his ways of economising would have met with the approval of his ancestor. He does his "bit," of course, but it is not a very large bit. However, he has the "sciatick," and probably one of those frequent runs in Sir Moses Leverson's motor-coach will do him more good than four hours wasted in guarding a telephone exchange. Indeed, Mr. Pepys, junior, manages to do himself exceedingly well—even at his club, with all the new restrictions in force. He collects rumours like the rest of us, he has a keen eye for feminine beauty, and his style is so closely modelled on that of his ancestor's that you occasionally blink your eyes and wonder into what century you have strayed.

The Old Humbug

You may not approve of this new Mr. Pepys—the original Samuel would certainly never have approved of his descendant's relations, financial and otherwise, with Sir Moses—but you will assuredly laugh at his views and opinions. You will find not a page of his diary dull, and some of his adventures make very good reading. Mrs. Pepys makes a welcome reappearance, and it is possible that Mr. Pepys, junior, will have his dearest ambition realised, when historians of the future consult his pages with a view to increasing their knowledge of *modish* England in the time of the Great War. There are also Mr. Watson-Williamson's clever, if too Beardsleyan, illustrations. The portrait of the new Mr. Pepys is certainly masterful : it exactly describes the old humbug he is. The book, by the way, is already in its fourth edition, which argues well for Mr. Pepys' own pockets. R. S.

India and the War

Both interesting and enlightening is the little booklet by Sir Mancherjee Bhownaggree, K.C.I.E., *The Verdict of India* (Hodder and Stoughton : 2*d.*). It confutes thoroughly the accusations made by Germany of the gross misgovernment of India by England, so widely and cunningly made all over the world since the war began. The people of India laughed these charges to scorn from the first, as they have well shown in their splendid war services to the Empire ; but it is gratifying to have, from one of India's most distinguished sons, this complete justification of the rule of the British Raj and the acknowledgment of the benefits it has conferred on all the Indian races and nations. B.

Velvet Hat, in new shape, with fashionable white embroidered veil.

Price 40/-

Catalogue post free.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W
ALSO AT LEEDS SCARBOROUGH
HARROGATE AND YORK

FUR-TRIMMED SUITS AT SPECIAL PRICES

Adapted from the latest Paris Models and made im our own workrooms from rich quality materials that we can recommend with the utmost confidence FUR-TRIMMED SUIT in heavyweight Corded Suiting, An exact copy of a new Paris Model. Coat cut on very full lines, finished with belt, novelty pockets and large collar of grey opossum fur. Well-tailored skirt with pockets to match. In black, navy, and a range of good colours.

SPECIAL PRICE

7½ GNS.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value

"Pesco"
THE UNDERWEAR

THE War has changed many things, but it has not changed the quality of PESCO Underwear.

Made as ever from the purest wools, Pesco is still the extremely soft, the exquisitely comfortable, and the highly protective Underwear it always was. It gives real satisfaction and an abiding sense of security to all who wear it.

ORDER "PESCO" TO-DAY.

TRADE MARK TRADE MARK

"Pesco" is on sale everywhere in every Underwear style and size for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. In case of difficulty a card to the makers will bring names of nearest Agents.

THE "PESCO" CO. (Dept. 35), HAWICK, ROXBURGH.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY UNSHRINKABLE IN WASHING

Trial Bottle. 6d.

FOR GREY HAIR
SEEGEROL

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired Permanent, washable Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 6d. large case 2/- post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct, HINDES LTD., 1b, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

A Million FREE Trials
TOZANA
HAIR FOOD

The remarkable non-greasy Hair Tonic. Removes Dandruff, dresses, fixes and controls the hair and promotes growth Prevents hair from turning grey Bottles 1/-, 2/-, 3/6, and 5/-, all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Two Strengths—Ladies and Gents. Send 4 stamps for postage, etc., for free bottle of either strength, or 6 stamps for both.—27, TOZANA HOUSE, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

SARGOL WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER

When over-work, worry or illness have caused the body or brain to become weak, weary or exhausted there is nothing that can even approximately approach the splendid upbuilding effects of Sargol.

Such is the action of Sargol that if taken regularly three times a day you will speedily gain a fund of health, strength and nerve force which will be of inestimable value to you—and you will have gained it easily and pleasantly at the minimum cost for safe and scientific treatment.

Many of the World's greatest authorities have given testimony to the power of Sargol to help the weak and exhausted.

If you have attained success in life at the cost of your nerves and health—if your digestion is impaired and you feel weak and weary, you may be sure that Sargol is what you need.

Thousands of men and women daily derive new strength and vitality from taking Sargol. That is why it is prescribed so freely by Physicians in cases where strength and nerve power are essential to recovery.

You, too, should know and feel the good Sargol is capable of doing.

THE SARGOL COMPANY (Dept. 603), Carlton House, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.

Sold and Recommended by First Class Chemists Everywhere Prices 3/- per box 6 boxes 15/-

SARGOL
THE GREAT NERVE AND STRENGTH REVITALIZER

DYEING and FRENCH CLEANING
BY THE GARDNER PROCESS

Carriage paid one way.
Please write for Price List.
Wm. GARDNER & Co. Ltd.
PAISLEY, N.B.

Fashionable MATERNITY WEAR (Self-adjusting)

ROYALTY and SOCIETY patronise our world-renowned Maternity Wear. Every garment preserves normal appearance and is skilfully made to measure. Gown illustrated costs from 35/-. For designs, patterns and self-measurement form, write Manageress, WOOD Bros., 18, St. Mary's St. (*Specialists*) MANCHESTER.

LOVELY EYELASHES
grown and kept so by the application once daily of the colourless eyelash food
CURLASH CREAM

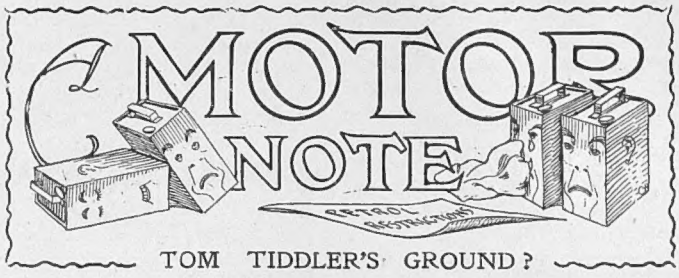
This all-British triumph is used by ladies of discernment.
MISS NINA DE SILVA (Mrs. Martin Harvey) writes: "I find it more than you claim for it."
Post free, plain wrapper, with brush and advice, 1/- *and* 1/9.
THE B.Y. BALDWIN MFG. CO. Wigmore St., London, W.
Illustrated list of fine toilet articles free on request

GENTLEMEN—
I give you BEST PRICES for your DISCARDED CLOTHES.
Lounge Suits, 6/- to 25/-. Trousers, 2/6 to 7/6.
Cash or estimate sent per return.
I pay all carriage charges.
FLINT'S, St. Martin's Lane, BIRMINGHAM.
Est. 1869. Telephone: Midland 1344.

Foster Clark's
Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence.
You Simply add Water.
2d Soups

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Hinde's
Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.
Hair Wavers.



TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND?

Tom Tiddler's Ground?

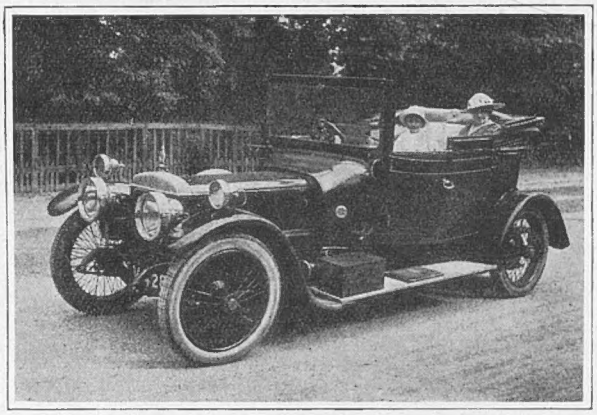
EXACTLY! Russia is not going to be that Tom Tiddler's ground which, with sublime but characteristic indifference to the facts, many worthy manufacturers imagined. Why they expected to walk in and appropriate for themselves all the trade it was anticipated would crop up after the war, Heaven knows. Yet they did. We were, among other things, going to corner the Russian market for motor-cars, quite joyously indifferent to the possibility of an "Awakened Russia" being sufficiently awake to see that it could take a hand in an industrial development of that size and (to economic Russia) importance, itself. I suggested it would be very much better to deal with the Empire market we have rather than fly to others we're not likely to get without a pretty mighty effort.

***

An Awakened Russia

AND here's the proof that the suggestion had warrant. Five factories for the construction of motor-cars have been erected in Russia, largely under Government subsidy. The whole present outfit will be taken by the Government. There is the Axaj Company, Rostov-on-Don; V. Lebedev Company, Jaroslav; Russian Reno Company, Rybinsk; Riabushinsky and Konznetzoff Company, Moscow; and the Russo-Baltic Car Works, of Moscow. The fact that these firms are making service vehicles does not disturb the possibility that, after the war, they will make other vehicles. The fact that the present output is small will not deter other factories from following the example set them. There is the market. There is the awakened Russia. There is everything (including low-priced labour) necessary for the business in the country. There is also plenty of available capital. It is one of the laws of capital that it will flow toward the place of exploitation. It will be there as soon as the British manufacturer. So that our Tom Tiddler's ground will be a pretty hot commercial shop, and we shall have to fight quite a good fight to capture any of the gold, because there are Italian and French and Belgian and Swiss car-makers after the market in addition to the (probably subsidised) home manufacturers. In the circumstances it would not be so unwise if we concentrated on our own Empire possibilities — unless, of course, the Colonies discover that they can make their own cars quite as well as we can. Canada has shown the way already.

(Continued on page 436)



FAMOUS NAMES

A recent photograph of Mrs. Charles Anthony Vandervell, wife of the electrical wizard of Acton Vale, in her Daimler car—a car clearly equipped with the best that the C.A.V. firm can do

ALFRED WEBB MILES & Co.

12, 10, 8 & 6, BROOK STREET, Hanover Square, LONDON, W.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

BRITISH WARMS

Khaki Serge, lined Fleece,
£3 15 0

Extra heavy Khaki Fleece, unlined
£3 15 0

Khaki Lambswool (extra quality), lined Fleece,
£4 4 0

Khaki Serge, lined Musquash,
£10 10 0

TRENCH COATS

Spécialité.

Double-breasted Trench Coats, interlined Oil Silk throughout, and detachable Fleece linings,
£4 15 0 and **£6 15 0**

Drencher Coats, interlined to waist and through sleeves with Oil Silk,
£3 3 0 and **£3 15 0**

A large assortment of the above in all sizes, ready for immediate wear.

Estimates sent on application for full Service Kit and Equipment.

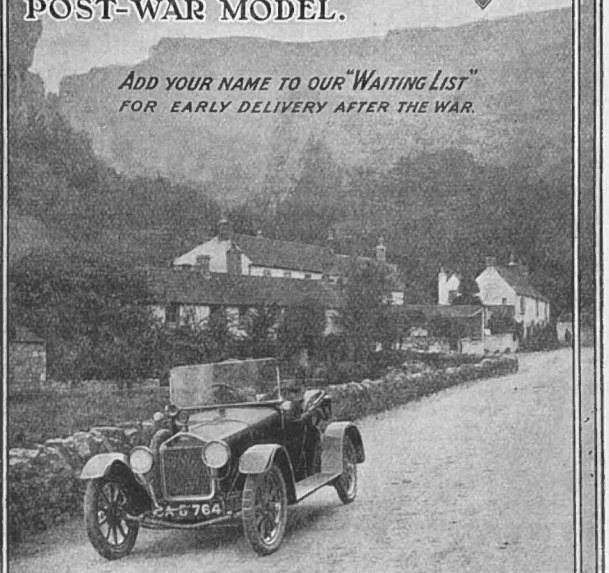
CADETS' OUTFITS, complete, **£6 15 0**

Telephone No. 988 Mayfair. Telegraphic Address: "Webb Miles, London."

THEIR HIGH REPUTATION *for* QUALITY *upheld by* POST-WAR MODEL.

Stellite Cars

Add your name to our "Waiting List" for early delivery after the war.



THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES Co LTD
Ward End Works, Birmingham.

London Agents—Wolseley Motors Ltd York Street, Westminster.
Telegrams:—Autovent, Vic, London. *Telephone*: 6220 Victoria (6 lines)

THE THRESHER

"THRESHER" MEANS TRENCH-COAT.

THE first "Thresher" set and sealed the standard in trench-coats. The original coat, supplied on recommendation by the British War Office to Officers Commanding Corps in the Winter Campaign of '14, the "Thresher" remains the model trench-coat of to-day—the most widely-imitated military garment of the War.

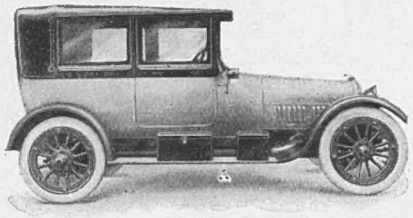
Trench Coat, with detachable "Kamelcott" Lining £6 6
Trench Coat, with Sheepskin Lining detachable £8 8
Trench Coat, Cavalry type, Knee Flaps and Saddle Gusset, 15/6 extra.

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering.

Trench Coats in Ladies' sizes can be obtained from Threshers, 5, Conduit Street, W.

THRESHER & GLENNY,
152 & 153, Strand, London.
Military Tailors. Est. 1755.

By Appointment *to H.M. The King.*



FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY

AN all-weather car, easily convertible, open or closed, suitable for Town or Country use, is the latest addition to the Buick line.
The Coachwork, the flexible and silent Six-Cylinder Buick Engine, the Self-starter and Electric Light Equipment make it the ideal car for the owner driver.
It is a car that is distinctive and superior in all those details which go to make up the car of quality.
Specify one of these cars for your after-the-war requirements.

Owing to our organization being largely engaged on War Service the output of Buick Cars is at present restricted.

Buick VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

General Motors (Europe), Limited, 136 Long Acre, W.C.

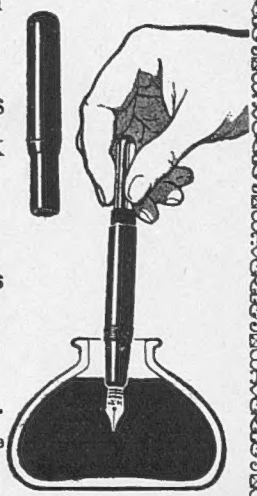
Cameron
THE MARK of QUALITY

SAFETY SELF-FILLER.

NOTHING to get out of order.

When the pen is screwed up no ink can escape.

JUST PRESS THE BARS.



With Barless Nib 10/6
With Waverley Nib 12/6
With Hindoo Nib 15/-

Write for Illustrated List.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON Ltd.
Waverley Pen Works, Watery Lane
BIRMINGHAM.

Depots:
London : 30, Shoe Lane.
Glasgow: 13, West Regent St.
Edinburgh : 23, Blair Street.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.

MOTORING (concluded from page 434)

A Traffic Census

THERE was a notable diagrammatic digest of the volume of London motor traffic published in in *Motor Traction* recently. It shows the result of a census taken in a typical main road on a given date every year since 1906, and it indicates that the number of motor vehicles passing that given point rose with surprising steadiness on a remarkably even line (drawn on the chart) from 1906 up to 1914. In that year it took a sudden jump, and maintained it until 1915, when it suddenly dropped at a tremendously steep angle. To-day the volume is only equal to that of 1909-10.

***

Rises and Falls

YOU are to be pleased to make what you like of that; but if it is a reliable pointer, it means, for sure, that the war suddenly sent the figures soaring until the east and southward drift of things robbed the road of its traffic. It means that the residuum is a diminishing quantity that must continue to diminish, though much more slowly, under the restrictions that make motoring of any sort and for any purpose more and more impossible. The danger is that it will be diminished below the efficiency line. Concerning which, I fear, nobody in authority gives one respectable anathema, being wholly concerned with immediate results.

***

Departmental Glories

INSTEAD of which they should, properly, be as much interested in those affairs outside their own departments which make for national efficiency as with those things within their departments which merely make for departmental glory. There is a carry on and a carry over in semi-civilian matters; and if, by the edict of one department (as in the case of the latest order prohibiting the manufacture of motor vehicles of any sort) we reduce efficient haulage below the safety margin another department will surely suffer; but not anything to compare in importance with the loss which the nation must suffer now and presently. We cannot make our million out of petrol if we make the use of petrol impossible, and we cannot realise our 500 million Income and Super Tax revenue, if we make it impossible to earn that revenue.

***

Touching Experience

I DO not suggest this is inevitably going to happen, nor that the figures I have referred to necessarily connote that; but I do not like the look of that sudden drop to the figures of 1909-10 when all the factors (or even the commercial car factor alone) suggest that we should to-day be a long way past the 1909-10 stage if we are getting our full national value out of the only efficient mode of haulage. We have learned, rather bitterly, the absurdity of robbing Peter to pay Paul—of robbing the factory of mechanics to satisfy the demands of another department. We had to remedy that error, after we had paid the price of it. It will be something more deadly than a pity if we have learned nothing from the experience and proceed to duplicate it in the matter of road haulage; and it will be the height of blazing impotence to appoint Parliamentary Committees on "Trade after the War" if we do nothing to ensure that there *shall* be some trade after the war.

***

In Brief

ALL about the lighting regulations everywhere is the latest A.A. booklet. Members supplied free; non-members may have it for "tuppence" upon application to Fanum House. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

ACCUMULATORS.—If you see the signature C.A.V. stamped on an accumulator, you know it is the best, and one that will not let you down. Very rigidly constructed—no buckled plates.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

It's so easy. The complete tyro can change her tyres or her tubes instantly, without levers or labour.—WARLAND DUAL RIMS, Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland Street, London.

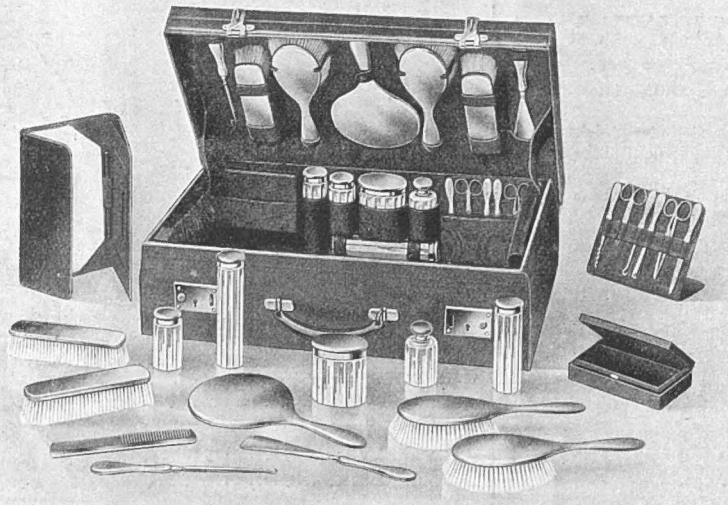
HARRODS

By Special Appointment Goldsmiths & Silversmiths to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

DRESSING CASES

By Special Appointment Furnishers & Drapers to H.M. the Queen.

PRE-EMINENT FOR VALUE.



Lady's Dressing Case
Size 22" × 14" × 6"
Manufactured by Harrods.

Made in Blue, Green and Violet Morocco or Brown Hide, lined rich quality watered silk.

Completely fitted as illustration with superior quality plain solid silver brushes and silver top bottles.

Leather blotter is fitted with Onoto self-filling pen.

Price, complete with waterproof seluyt cover.

£24 15 0

HARRODS LTD MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS ELECTRO-PLATERS & CUTLERS. LONDON.S.W.
Richard Burbidge - Managing Director